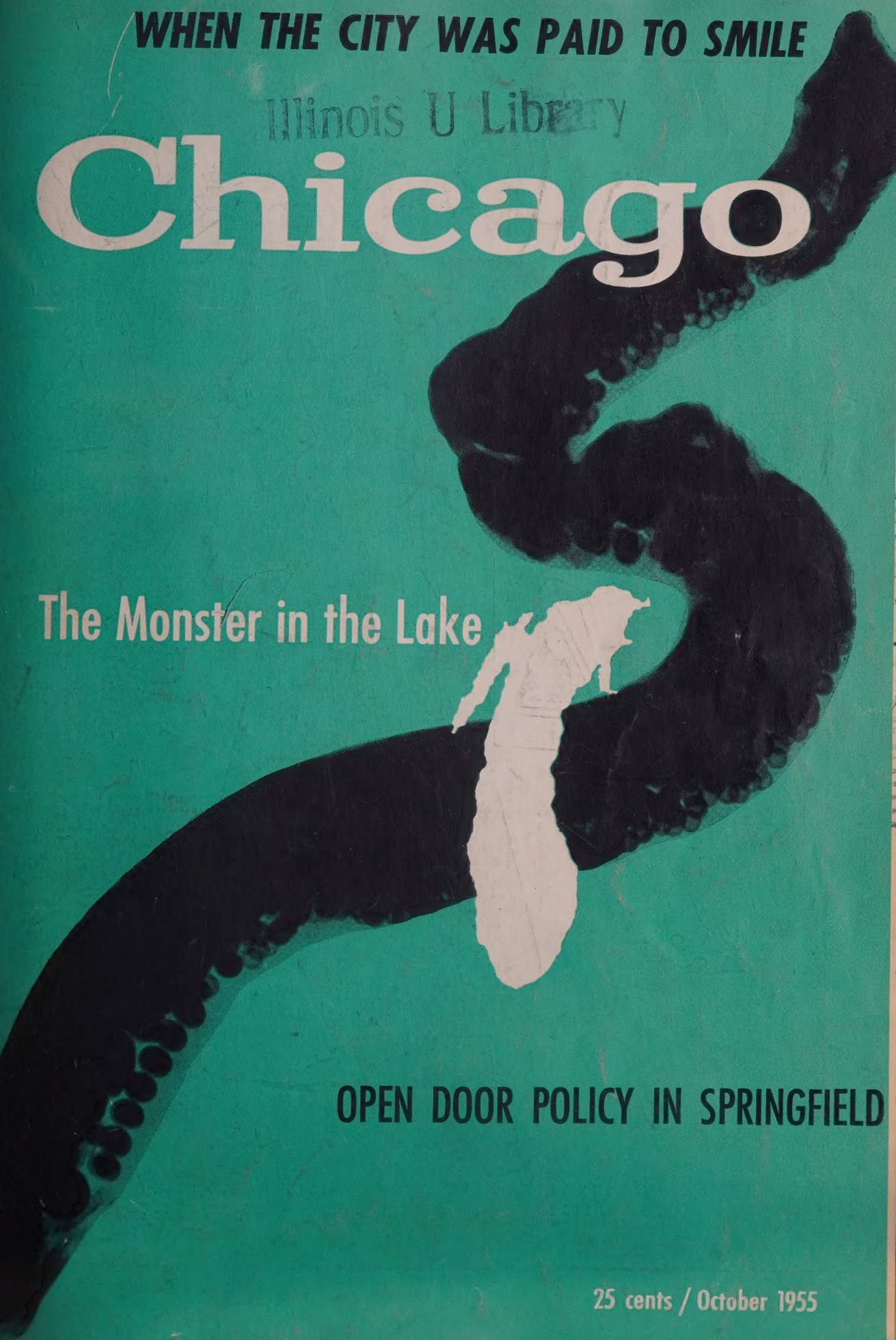
WHEN THE CITY WAS PAID TO SMILE

Illinois U Library

Chicago



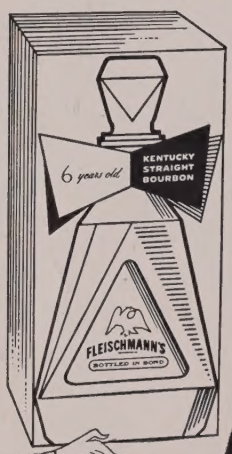
The Monster in the Lake

OPEN DOOR POLICY IN SPRINGFIELD

25 cents / October 1955

Vive La Difference . . .
in drinks made with
FLEISCHMANN'S BOND!

Yes, and there's
NO EXTRA CHARGE
for the sparkling
crystal decanter
or this
handsome
gift carton!



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and this fine
bourbon is
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mellower because
it's **6 YEARS**
OLD!

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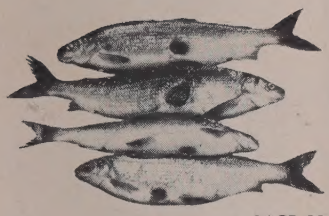
$1,000 for a Smile; Get Your Coupon

PAGE 22



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Chicago / *October 1955*

ONTRIBUTORS

ıtire such as "Fantasy for Oct- ber 12" is a form of relaxation r Robert Bendiner, who would ıstomarily be on the working de of a press table. His by-line frequent in major magazines.

nce editor of "The American onist," Harold U. Ribalow has ritten numerous articles and dited several anthologies. saacs the Bibliomaniac" is one his rare ventures into fiction.

riticism and poetry by John ogan, who is a faculty member University of Notre Dame, ap- ears regularly in "Poetry" and ther magazines. "Song, after ilke," is one of a sextet on the eme.

pringfield is the regular beat of ewspaperman Tom Littlewood, ho reports on the Tommy Bart- tt phase of Governor Stratton's b in "Open Door Policy in pringfield."

When the City Was Paid to mile," a lively account of the axless money gifts the news- apers made to their readers in ıe twenties, comes from the ersonal recollection of Joseph ilverman. The encaustic picture the contest vogue in present ewspapers is by a local onion ırmer.

OVER

ıe theme for Morton Goldsholl's esign comes from "The Monster the Lake," a report on the mprey menace.

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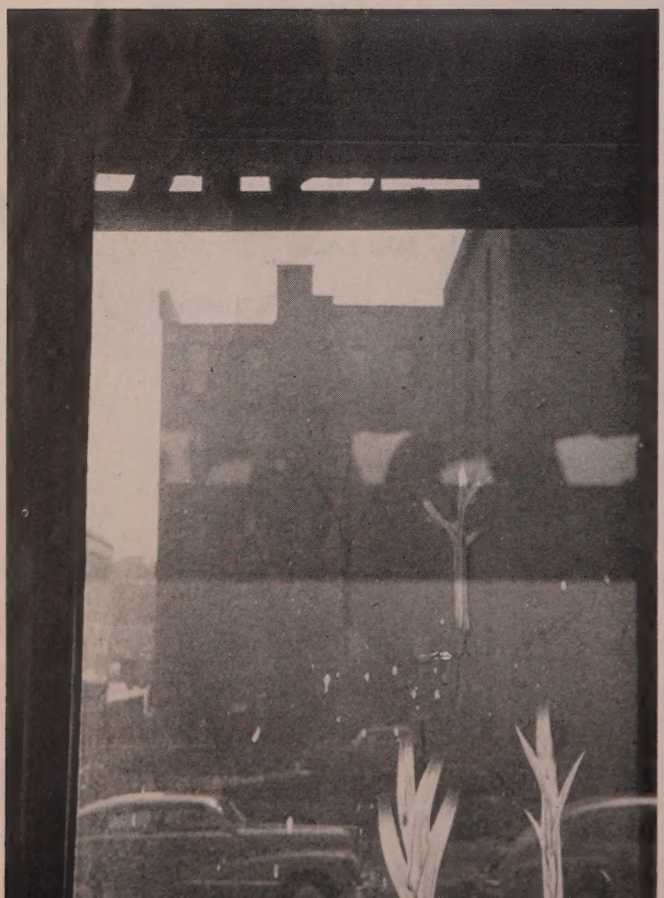
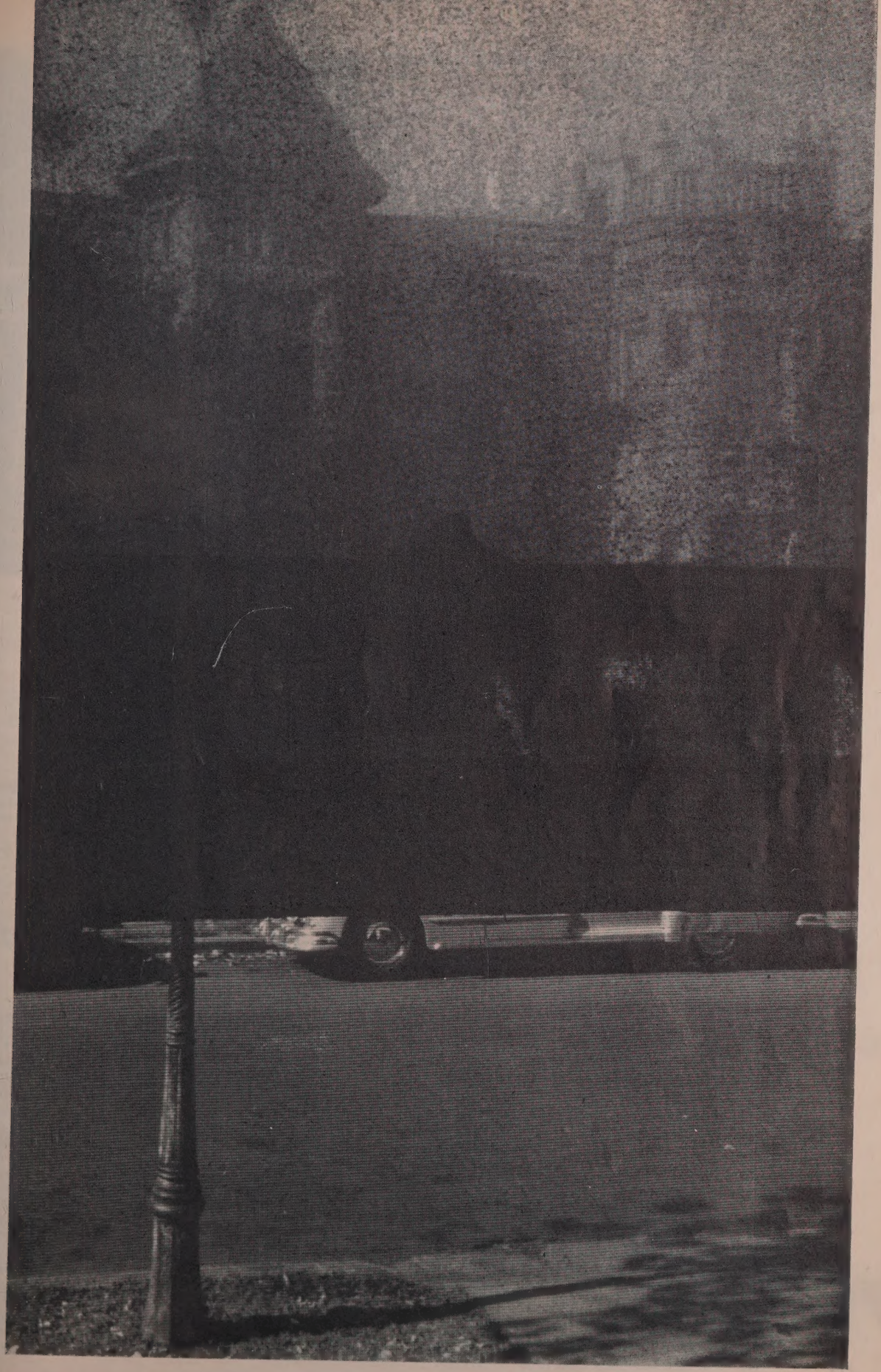
A window is a frame of reference, or sometimes a place to project dreams; thus a student at the Institute of Design finger-paints an improvement for a treeless world (lower left). That Robert Knille work, together with the sooty view of things (right), is on exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art.

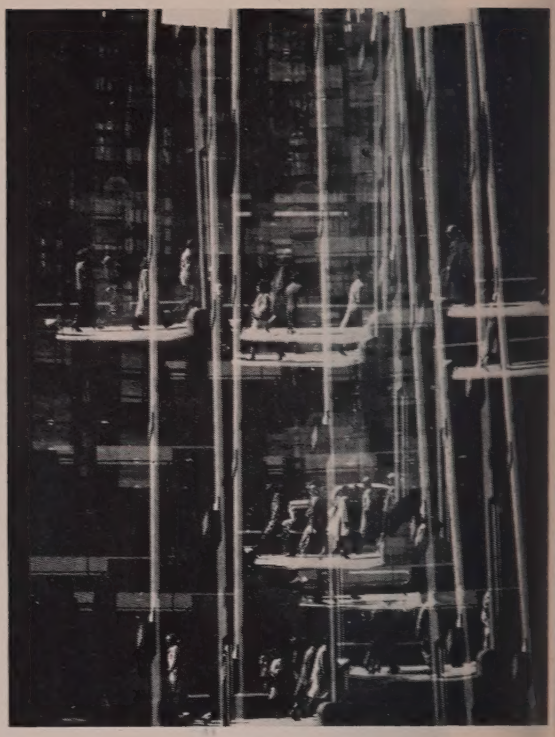
Outlooks

photographs by Robert Knille





WHAT GOES ON HERE



listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

The Bad Seed, Selwyn, 180 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). Maxwell Anderson's suspense drama with inherent evil as its theme, in which Nancy Kelly is the mother of a pre-teen villainess. Opens Oct. 10. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

The Solid Gold Cadillac, Blackstone, 60 Balbo (CE 6-8240). Satire and shenanigans stemming from the world of big business. Opens Oct. 11. First week: nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30; thereafter: nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat., 2:30.

Anniversary Waltz, Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). A one-set domestic comedy about a family whose "love is bigger than TV." Opens Oct. 17. First three weeks: nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Teahouse of the August Moon, Erlanger, 127 n. State (ST 2-2459). The twain meets in John Patrick's Pulitzer prize comedy about the American occupation of Okinawa. Burgess Meridith stars. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Can-Can, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). Dances staged by Michael Kidd and performed by Ronnie Cunningham and suitably attired young ladies spark this musical of Paris in the '90s. Nightly, 8:30 (Sun., 7); mat. Sat., 2:30.

Cinerama Holiday, Eitel's Palace, 159 Randolph (AN 3-0055). Vistas without visas for audiences that follow the three-eyed camera thru Europe and the U. S. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10; Sat., 7:30 & 10:30. Mat., Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5.

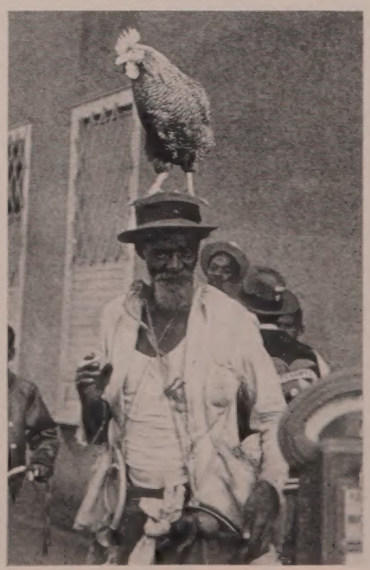
repertory

Playwrights theater, Mandel hall, 57th & University (MI 3-0800, ext. 1061). Oct. 21 thru 23, "Hamlet." 8:30 p.m.

OPERA

Lyric Theater, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (AN 3-5586). Season opens Oct. 31 with Bellini's "I Puritani." 8 p.m.

The Telephone and **The Medium,** Eighth Street theater, 741 s. Wabash (FR 2-0566). Menotti's contemporary operas,



with Maria Powers in two starring roles Oct. 23. Mat., 2:30 p.m.; eve., 2:30.

DANCE

Katherine Dunham and company, Grea Northern, 26 w. Jackson (CE 6-8240) Opens Oct. 31 for one-week engage ment. Nightly, 8:30.

Paul Draper and **Jean Leon Destine an his Haitian dance group,** Opera House 20 n. Wacker (FR 2-0566). Oct. 9, 2:3 p.m.

Ballet Espagnols, Opera House (FI 6 0270). Oct. 21 thru 23; nightly, 8:3 Allied Arts mat., Oct. 23, 2:30 p.m.

MUSIC

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestr hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). Th & Sat., 8:15 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 2 p.r **Oct.: 6** (Thu.) & **7** (Fri.), Fritz Reine cond., Janos Starker, cello; Milto Preves, viola; John Weicher, violi soloists: Passacaglia in C minor, Bac Respighi; "Don Quixote," Richa Strauss; Symphony No. 7, Beethoven. (Sat.) Ezra Rachlin, cond.: overture "The Bartered Bride," Smetana; Sy phony No. 4, Tchaikovsky; "Facad suite, Walton; "Dances of Galanta Kodaly. **11** (Tue.), Reiner, cond.: Sy phony No. 7, Beethoven; "Firebird" suite, Stravinsky. **13** (Thu.) & **14** (Fr Reiner, cond., Elisabeth Schwarzko soprano, soloist: overture to "T Bartered Bride," Smetana; recitati and aria from "Don Giovanni," Moza Concerto for Orchestra, Bartok; "Itali Serenade," H. Wolfe; Ariadne's mo

log from "Ariadne Auf Naxos," Richard Strauss; "Mephisto Waltz," Liszt. **15** (Sat.), Tibor Kozma, cond.: overture to "Der Freischuetz," Weber; Symphony No. 4, Beethoven; "First Essay," Barber; three excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust," Berlioz; dances from "The Three Cornered Hat," De Falla. **20** (Thu.) & **21** (Fri.), Reiner, cond., Louis Sudler, baritone, soloist: overture to "Consecration of the House," Beethoven; "St. Francis of Assisi," Oldberg; Symphony No. 2, Schumann; "Firebird" suite, Stravinsky. **25** (Tue.), Reiner, cond., Geza Anda, piano, soloist: overture to "The Bartered Bride," Smetana; Piano Concerto No. 1, Tchaikovsky; Symphony No. 7, Beethoven. **27** (Thu.) & **28** (Fri.), Reiner, cond., Geza Anda, piano, soloist: Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge, Britten; Piano Concerto No. 1, Tchaikovsky; Symphony No. 102, Haydn. (Programs are subject to change).

Allied Arts concerts. Orchestra hall (FR 2-0566). Unsubscribed series tickets are put on general sale three weeks before concerts. **Oct.: 16.** 3:30 p.m., Rudolf Serkin, piano; **22.** 8:30 p.m., Obernkirchen Children's choir; **23.** 3:30, Hazel Scott, organ; **29.** 8:30, Mantovani and his orchestra.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Arabian horse show. Int'l amphitheater, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). Oct. 1. Afternoon & evening performances.

Int'l Dairy show & rodeo. Int'l amphitheater. Oct. 7 thru 16. Afternoon & evening performances.

Sporting Dogs in Action. Fieldale, Ill. 72 n. of Ill. 58 (Roselle 6300). Third annual gun-dog exhibition with bench and field trials. Oct. 12.

Int'l Pet show. Int'l amphitheater. Oct. 21 thru 23: 21, 6 to 11 p.m.; 22, 1 to 11 p.m.; 23, 1 to 10 p.m.

Ice Follies. Chicago stadium, 1800 Madison (SE 3-5300). 20th anniversary production of rhythm and comedy on ice. Oct. 18 thru 30. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; Sun., 2 & 6 p.m.

Jazz at the Philharmonic. Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Norman Granz' annual all-star jazz show. Oct. 2, 7 & 10 p.m.

Magnificent Mile Art festival. Water Tower, Chicago & Michigan (MI 2-3570). Works of finalists in the fourth annual invitational midwestern competition sponsored by the Greater North Michigan Avenue association. Opens Oct. 28. Daily, 1 to 8 p.m.

LECTURES

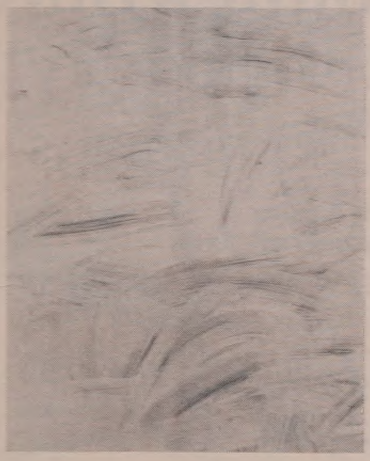
Museum of Science and Industry. 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Sun., 3 p.m. **Oct.: 2.** "The Heart of a Child," Willis L. Pitts; **9.** "Food for Thought about the Heart," Philip Thorek; **16.** "X-rays and Radioactive Substances," J. W. J. Carpender; **23.** "Live Longer and Like It," Morris Fishbein. Free.

Natural History museum. Field dr. & Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-9410). Adult lecture and film series. Sat., 2:30 p.m. in Simpson theater. **Oct.: 1.** "Between the Tides," Robert C. Hermes; **8.** "The Land the Glaciers Forgot," Howard L. Orians; **15.** "Shikar in India," John Moyer; **22.** "Strange People, Strange Places," Irving Johnson; **29.** "Northwest by West," Cleveland P. Grant. Free.

Roosevelt university. 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). **Discussion in the Round series.** Wed., 8 p.m., Assembly hall. Oct. 12, "What's Wrong with Our Neighborhoods?"

1020 Art center. 1020 Lake Shore (MI 2-2433). **Meet the Poet series.** Fri., 8:30 p.m. Oct. 28, e. e. cummings reads from and discusses his own work

University of Chicago. U. of Chicago campus (MI 3-0800). **Charles R. Walgreen Foundation series:** "The Search for Language in American Music," Allen Sapp, Oct. 17, 19, 21, 24, 26 & 28, 4:30 p.m. **Committee on International Relations lectures:** "South Africa and the Race Question," Frank A. W. Lucas, Oct. 14, 3:30 p.m. Social Sciences Research building, 1126 e. 59th. Free.



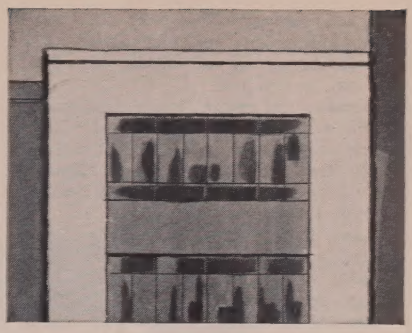
ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute. Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). Masterpiece of the month: Study for "The Bathers" by Renoir. **New exhibit:** from Oct. 13, exhibition of French masters from the 15th to the 19th centuries, east wing gallery. **Continuing:** Emily Crane Chadbourne collection of early Americana, an exhibition of early American decorative arts, gallery L-2; Gaffron collection of Peruvian art, a new and larger addition to present collection of ancient Peruvian art, galleries L-4 & L-4a; miniature relief sculptures and genre from the collection of Mrs. Alfred E. Hamill, gallery A-6; Picasso paintings from the museum collection; gallery of art interpretation; photographs of the Golden Gate bridge by Fred Lyon, gallery 5. **Permanent:** the Thorne miniature rooms, detailed miniature interiors of French, English and American rooms, gallery A-12.

Franz Altschuler. drawings and paintings. Thru Oct., Frank Ryan gallery, 1653 n. Wells (MI 2-5411). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., except Wed. to 6 p.m.

Chicago galleries. Exhibition of "magic realism" from the Grand Central galleries. Thru Oct., 30 s. Michigan (CE 6-9656). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat., to 4 p.m.

Chicago Society of Artists. paintings and sculpture by members. Thru Oct., Mandel Bros. galleries, 1 n. State (ST 2-1500). Mon.-Sat., 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m., except Mon. & Thu. to 8:30 p.m.



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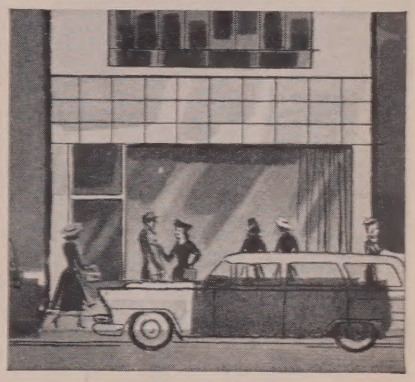

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e. e. cummings, watercolors and drawings. Thru Oct., 1020 Art center, 1020 Lake Shore drive (MI 2-2433). Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Evanston Art center. Artists' fall festival with paintings and drawings by local and metropolitan artists. Oct. 1 & 2 on the lawn of Evanston Public library, 1703 Orrington, Evanston (GR 5-5310). Noon to dusk.

Harry Hult, paintings. Thru Oct., Riccardo's restaurant, 437 n. Rush (SU 7-2874). Mon.-Sat., 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m.; Sun. from 1 p.m.

Institute of Design, exhibition of American graphic design consisting of typography, photography, books and advertisements. Thru Oct. 26, Architecture-Planning-Design building, Illinois Institute of Technology, 3360 State (CA 5-9600). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat. to noon.

David Segal, paintings. From Oct. 21, Palmer house galleries, 119 n. State (FR 2-0790). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Rufino Tamayo, paintings by the contemporary Mexican artist. Thru Oct., Main Street gallery, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6600). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat. to 6 p.m

MUSEUMS

Adler planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). Oct. show: The Milky Way. Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. & 3 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 8 p.m.; Sun., 2 & 3:30 p.m. Museum hours: daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri. to 9 p.m. Free Wed., Sat & Sun

Chicago Academy of Sciences, 2001 n. Clark (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). One of the country's finest collections of historical items, with Lincoln and pioneer exhibits particularly outstanding. Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public every clear Fri., 8:30 to 10 p.m. thru Oct. 29; from Oct. 30, 7:30 to 9 p.m.

George F. Harding museum, 4835 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Medieval armor, arms, and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Thru Oct., "If Oil Vanished," a special exhibit on this natural resource, its commercial uses and its by-products. Thru Oct. 29: Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. From Oct. 30: Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Free.

Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, geology, botany and zoology. Thru Oct. 15: daily, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; from Oct. 16: 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Oriental Institute, U. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Historical treasures in art and culture of ancient Near East countries. Tue.-Wed., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Thu.-Sun., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of fish, from sharks to seahorses. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

SPORTS

college football

Northwestern, Dyche stadium, Central st., Evanston (RO 4-4488). Oct. 8, Minnesota; Oct. 22, Indiana (homecoming) 1:30 p.m.

pro football

Bears, Wrigley field, Clark at Addison (DE 2-5400). Oct. 9, San Francisco 49ers Oct. 16, Baltimore Colts, 1:05 p.m.

Cardinals, Comiskey park (WA 2-9334) Oct. 2, New York Giants; Oct. 23

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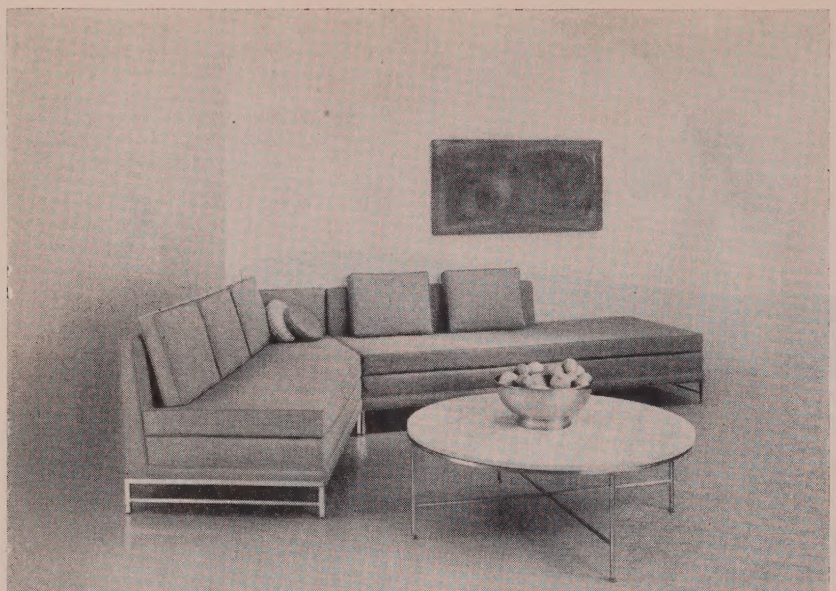

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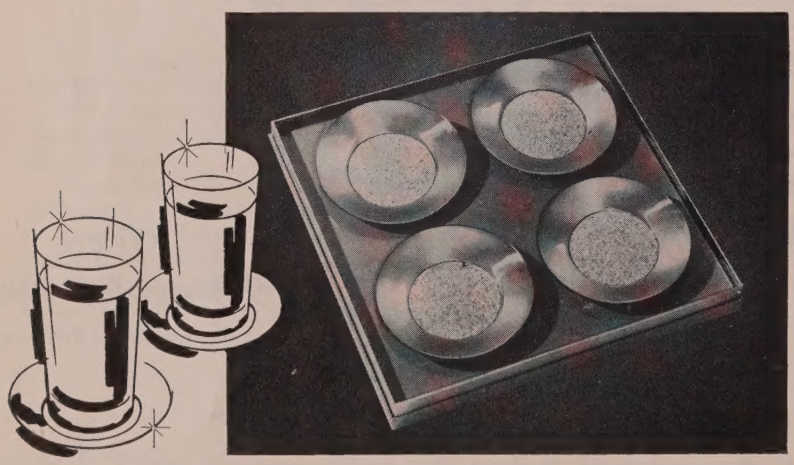

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harness racing

Maywood park, 5th & North, Melrose park (MA 6-4816). Suburban Downs meet opens Oct. 3. Post time, Mon.-Sat., 8:40 p.m.

thorobred racing

Hawthorne race track, 35th & Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1350). Thru Oct. 15. Mon.-Fri., 2 p.m.; Sat., 1:45 p.m.

TELEVISION

extravaganzas

Spectacular (8 p.m. Oct. 1 & 29, Channel 5). Oct. 1, "Heidi," with Dennis Day, Pinky Lee, Ezio Pinza, and Wally Cox. In color and black and white.
Shower of Stars (7:30 p.m. Oct. 6, 2). Variety in color and black and white.
Producers Showcase (7 p.m. Oct. 17, 5). "Cyrano de Bergerac," in color and black and white.
Color Spread (6:30 p.m. Oct. 9, 5). Rex Harrison in "The Constant Husband." Color and black and white film.
Hall of Fame (3 p.m. Oct. 23, 5). Maurice Evans' production of "Alice in Wonderland," with Eva Le Gallienne. Color and black and white.
Star Jubilee (8:30 p.m. Oct. 22, 2). CBS once-a-monther.

drama

Best one-hour plays: **Sunday Playhouse** (8 p.m. Sun., 5), **Studio One** (9 p.m. Mon., 2), **Warner Bros. Presents** (6:30 p.m. Tue., 7), **Tuesday Playhouse** (8:30 p.m. Tue., 5), and **Front Row Center**. **Steel Hour** (9 p.m. Wed., 2). All live productions except Warner Bros. Presents.
You Are There (5:30 p.m. Sun., 2). CBS reporters cover re-enactments of history.
Medic (8 p.m. Mon., 5). Men in white in black and white.
Matinee Theater (2 p.m. weekdays, 5). Five hour-long "live" dramas a week directed by Al McCleery. Color and black and white.

comedy-variety-music

Opera Theater (Oct. 30, 5). "Griffelkin," an original work by Lukas Foss.
Omnibus (4 p.m. Sun., 2). Starting Oct. 9, a cultural catch-all, with some of it all in color.
Jack Benny (6:30 p.m. alt. Sun., 2). Back for another mattressful.
Famous Film Festival (6:30 p.m. Sun., 7). ABC matches its new batch of English films against the variety hours.
Ed Sullivan Show (7 p.m. Sun., 2). T

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Sun Time

We'd always thought of booksellers as a relatively meek and harmless lot, but at least one in the Chicago area was wanted by the FBI for about eight years before they arrested him in 1953. We refer, of course, to Reinhold Pabel, the ex German prisoner-of-war turned bookman, whose autobiography, "Enemies Are Human," will appear tomorrow.

It seems that back in the summer of 1944, Pabel, then a POW, was riding a truck on a rubbish collection detail. Pawing through the rubbish, he came on a copy of a national magazine in which a headline stated, "How Enemy Prisoners Are Recaptured." The headline was the title of a story by none other than J. Edgar Hoover, the director of the FBI. After studying the article for days, he reached several conclusions which permitted him to set down four basic rules for any foolproof escape scheme. They were: (1) Escape alone, (2) talk only when necessary, (3) have some cash available, (4) get as far away as possible as quickly as possible. Hoover's advice was so good Pabel eluded the FBI for eight years. But today Pabel is happy they caught up with him. Now the owner of a house in Park Forest (the down payment for which he received by selling the movie rights to his story to a German film company), Pabel says now "the children won't be living under a shadow this way." Pabel hopes the FBI gets a laugh out of his story. "After all, they had the last laugh when they caught me in 1953," he smiles. You can meet the author and probably get your copy of his book autographed by visiting his shop in Chicago Heights.

Also Included—

The New Weekly
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What Future for Yannoula?

This is Yannoula, age 3½. Her home is a hut. Her bed, wooden planks with gunny sacks for covers, is shared with three others. The bed is outdoors all summer lest the roof cave in. Only trust in God permits sleep indoors in winter. Dinner is a scrap of bread. There is no family laughter, no father to take care of them . . . to dry a tear, to pat them gently, to scold and kiss. Yannoula's father was killed three years ago when he stepped on a mine. Her mother, 26, already old and ill, forages in the hills of her native Greece to feed her children. It is hard to believe that in 1955, the age of enlightenment, children like Yannoula have never known the joy of home. For her, each hour becomes just another day of want and misery in the wreckage of a war that still goes on for daily survival.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photograph of "your" child upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your" child is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. All correspondence is carried on through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do not administer mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs. The Plan is a nonpolitical, nonprofit, nonsectarian, independent government-approved relief organization, helping children in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England, Western Germany and Korea and is registered under No. VFAO19 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States government and is filed with the National Information bureau. Your assistance can be vital to a child who is struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

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old news hawk steps up the variety show pace.

Variety Hour (7 p.m. Sun., 5). Gobs and gobs of it.

In Town Tonight (10:15 p.m. weekdays, 2). Music made casual.

Tonight (11 p.m. weekdays, 5). Steve Allen keeps 'em up late.

Bob Hope Show (7 p.m. Oct. 4, 5). Still the fastest of them all.

Disneyland (6:30 p.m. Wed., 7). The Disney TV magic works into its second season.

Chicago Symphony (8 p.m. Wed., 9). Starts Oct. 12.

Perry Como Show (7 p.m. Sat., 5). Perry steps into an hour-long variety format.

Honeymooners (7:30 p.m. Sat., 2). Jackie Gleason, Art Carney and Audrey Meadows.

George Gobel (9 p.m. Sat., 5). Beginning Oct. 8, Lonesome George meets all those people.

news-documentary

Dr. Spock (2 p.m. Sun., 5). Child authority talks to parents, starting Oct. 9.

City Desk (3 p.m. Sun., 5). Local news panelized.

Medical Horizons (8:30 p.m. Mon., 7). Remotes from medical centers.

1976 (3:30 p.m. Oct. 9, 5). NBC president Pat Weaver looks ahead. With Sid Caesar and Wally Cox.

Person to Person (9:30 p.m. Fri., 2). Ed Murrow meets the fabulous, the famous and the very rich.

for youngsters

Mickey Mouse Club (5 p.m. weekdays, 7). That eternal kid, Disney, again.

Mr. Wizard (10:30 a.m. Sat., 5). Don Herbert scrutinizes the old world.

sports

Quarterback Club (8 p.m. Mon., 9). Chicago Bears replay it on film.

Football (Saturday, 5). Oct. 1, Ohio State-Stanford; Oct. 15, Notre Dame-Michigan State, in color and black and white; Oct. 29, Iowa-Michigan, in color and black and white.

FOR THE CHILDREN

theater

Children's Theater of Evanston. Nichols school, Greenleaf & Elmwood (UI 4-3737). Oct. 15 & 29, "The Rabbit Who Wanted Red Wings," a play for pre-school and primary grade children; 10 a.m. & 12:45 & 2:30 p.m.

Goodman Memorial Children's theater, Monroe & Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337). "The Prince and the Pauper" opens Oct. 22. Week-end performances: Sat., 2:30 p.m.; Sun., 3 p.m.

Jack & Jill Players, 25 e. Jackson blvd. (WA 2-0317). Oct. 8, 15 & 22, "The Land of the Dragon," a Chinese fantasy for children by Madge Miller. 4 p.m.

music

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0362). **Young People's concerts,** Tue., 3 p.m., George Schick, cond. Two series of six concerts, each with program theme, a feature narration by George Kuyper, and a guest soloist chosen from the winners of the orchestra's annual auditions for young people. Theme for first concerts, **Oct. 18 & Nov. 15:** "How the Orchestra Grew," with narration of Don Gillis' "The Man Who Invented Music." Soloist, nine-year-old James O. Burwell: "Concerto No. 1 for Violin," Bach. Orchestra program; "Boisterous Bourree," Britten; finale from "Concerto da Camera," Honegger; ballet from "Petite Suite," Debussy; march from "Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes of Carl von Weber," Hindemith; "Tritsch-Tratsch Polka," Strauss; "Overture in C Major," Mendelssohn.

libraries

Chicago Public library Randolph & Michigan (CE 6-5821). **The Children's Hour,** one-hour weekly programs exploring the world thru films, recordings and story-telling. Sat., 2:15 p.m. First program, Oct. 29: films, "Kioni's Poi Pounder" and "Coral Wonderland"; stories, "How Maui Won Fire for Men" and "Call It Courage." Free tickets are available one week in advance in Thomas Hughes room.

museums

Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Bushman the gorilla, Su-Lin the panda and man-eating lions of Psava (all stuffed) are among the exhibits in "Animals Around the World," the Oct.-Nov. Journey for Museum Travelers. Children 8 years and over may take the journey by following instruction sheets which guide them along their "travels." **One-hour movie programs** for children, Sat., 10:30 a.m. in Simpson theater: Oct. 1, "Neptune's Children," color film about creatures of the sea and shore; Oct. 8, "Pueblo Boy," plus cartoon; Oct. 15, "Nature's Half Acre," Disney color film, plus cartoon; Oct. 22, "American Cowboy," plus cartoon; Oct. 29, "A Tale of Two Grizzlies," color film with narration.

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Two series of slide-talk, film and object-demonstration programs on American and Chicago history, correlated with the social science curriculum in the schools. **Museum mornings,** Sat., 10 a.m.: Oct. 8, 15, 22 & 29, "Early Life Around Chicago," about explorers, Indians and pioneers. **Weekday assemblies,** Wed., 10 a.m. for teachers with classes: Oct. 5 & 12, "Early Chicago"; Oct. 19 & 26, "Discovery and Exploration." A Chicago scrapbook will be given to pupils attending the October programs.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). A recent addition to the petroleum exhibit, to supplement classroom study from elementary thru high school grades: a 27-minute narration illustrated by a mechanical device with wheels and gears, showing modern society's great dependence on the many uses of oil, its products, and the possibly calamitous results if oil disappeared.

excursions

Morton arboretum, Ill. 53 n. of Lisle (Downers Grove 74). Well worth a special week-end excursion with the children during late October and early November is the fall foliage display in the arboretum's 835 acres of woodland park. A guide for the Forest Nature, Evergreen and Thornhill trails may be purchased in the administration building, which is open Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to noon & 1 to 5 p.m.; Sat., 9 a.m. to noon & 2 to 5 p.m.; Sun., 2 to 5 p.m. Permits for use of lunch area also may be obtained at administration building.

parks

Park district fieldhouses offer an inexhaustible program of activities for children, including classes in arts, crafts, music, dancing, drama, chess, checkers, photography, competitive sports and many others. Children's water polo, water ballet and swimming classes are given at indoor pools in these parks: Austin, Blackhawk, La Follette, Independence, Portage, Ridge and West Pullman. Consult fieldhouses for schedules.

NIGHT LIFE

Black Orchid, 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6666). Thru Oct. 13: Jimmy Ames, a comedian fresh from Jimmy Durante's show; Della Reese, singer, and Rolly Rolls, singing pianist. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.; shows from 9:30. Lunch $.95-$2.50; dinner $2.95-$6.50.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). Calypso Frolics continues thru Oct. with vocalists Lydia Lauva, Delores Martiniqua. King Randolph plays the steel drum of Trinidad. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30, midnight & 2. Food a la carte.

Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton hotel,

"THERE ARE ONIONS AND ONIONS," says Executive Chef Gosy of the Sherman Hotel. But for his famous Chuck Wagon Beef Stew, nothing will do save the delicate pearl onion you *may* be able to see in his left hand. This flavorsome gem magnifies but *never* masks the mouth-watering flavor of the lean beef tenderloin, the mushrooms and other luscious tidbits that make up this famous College Inn Porterhouse specialty. To enjoy a truly superb cuisine, come to the Sherman (you can drive right in!) and dine at Chicago's finest steak house to the music of Frank York and his famous strolling violins. Hotel Sherman, Randolph, Clark and LaSalle Streets. Franklin 2-2100.

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MERCHANDISE
MART

720 s. Michigan. WA 2-4400). The Carnival on Ice revue puts the circus on skates and includes acrobatic antics by the Le Duc brothers puppetry by Victor Charles and juggling by Lou Folds. Frankie Masters orchestra and the Tavlers provide music and singing. Open from 6:30 p.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun. mat. 4 p.m. Dinner from $3.25. $2 cover.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe. SU 7-7200). Quiet and elegant for 17 years with dancing to Ralph Rotger's Latin-American rhythms. Noon to 2 a.m.; dancing from 9. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. $3 min. Fri. & Sat.

Camellia House, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's music. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $5-$6.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3494). Jane Chrisby and Sammy Davis Jr. sing thru Oct. 12. The inevitable Sophie Tucker opens Oct. 14. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; late shows Fri. & Sat. 2 a.m. Dinner $6.50-$4.75; $5.50 special includes cover and minimum; 7 course dinner after-dinner liqueur, show and dancing.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining as western style music as by Frank York, his fiddle and orchestra. Noon to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.65-$1.85; dinner $4.50-$6.75.

The Compass, 1151 e. 55th (MU 4-3757). Impromptu drama and other extemporary liveliness in a beer hall setting. Folk music Mon.; members' workshop Tue. Entertainment begins about 9 p.m. and lasts late Fri. & Sat. $1 min. Fri. thru Mon.

Empire Room, Palmer house, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). "Boast of the Town" a music and comedy revue, continues thru Oct. and includes Will Jordan's take-off on Ed Sullivan. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight. Dinner from $4. $2 cover.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir's "Glass Hatters" play a steady two-beat for dancing, 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from $3.50.

Jardin Royale, Edgewater Beach hotel, 5349 Sheridan (LO 1-6000). A New Orleans setting for sipping and dancing, with flower beds, fountains and other atmospheric apparatus and Dick Carlton's orchestra. 6 p.m. to midnight; Sat. to 1 a.m. Dancing from 8.

Mister Kelly's, 1028 Rush. (WH 9-0088). Jimmy Bowman's piano and Audrey Morris' relaxed tunes are augmented by the piano and songs of Bobby Short. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Food a la carte.

Pump Room, Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Elegant hang-out for celebrities and celebrity-watchers. David Le Winter's orchestra plays danceable music. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. $3.50 min. Fri. & Sat.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 Randolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra and an Alpine decor. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $3.50-$

jazz

Beehive lounge, 1503 e. 55th (PL 2-9660). Clifford Brown and Max Roach stay around this month with their jazz men. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Jam session. Mon. closed Tue. No cover or min.

Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). Oct. 5 thru 16 George Shearing makes his well planned piano patterns sound improvised. Oct. 19 thru 30 Bobby Hackett blows mellow notes from his trumpet. Food a la carte, $1.50 to $3. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m. Sun. mat., 5 to 7 p.m. features soft drinks for teen-agers. Closed Mon. & Tue. $3 min.

Cloister inn, Maryland hotel, 900 Rush (SU 7-4566). Lurlene Hunter, almost one of the fixtures, and Jo Ann Miller sing Wednesday thru Sunday, and Johnny Frigo and Dick Marx play bass and piano Monday and Tuesday. 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. No cover or min.

Jazz, Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). Dixieland, dixieland, dixieland. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. $2 min.

London house, 360 n. Michigan (FR 3-6920). Barbara Carroll's progressive jazz trio remains thru Oct. 2, to be followed on the 5th by jazz pianist Dick Shirley. Music 8:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.; Sat. to 3 a.m. No music Mon. & Tue. No cover or min.

Max Miller Scene, 2136 n. Clark (LI 7-8740). Conventional improvisations by the proprietor in a small, garishly decorated room. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. No cover or min.

Preview lounge, 7 w. Randolph (FR 3-6908). The Dukes of Dixieland [illegible]

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EATING OUT

Agostino's, 1121 n. State (DE 7-9862). Haven for lovers of rich Italian cuisine, as well as fanciers of good steaks. 5 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. Dinner from $2.25.

Black Forest, 2636 n. Clark (DI 8-7930). German food in a hunting lodge atmosphere 11 a.m. to 4 a.m. Lunch from $1; dinner from $2.

Boston Oyster house, Morrison hotel, 79 w. Madison (FR 2-9600). Quiet colonial surroundings in the middle of the Loop, where sea food, steaks and chops are served. 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Lunch from $1.25; dinner from $2.50.

Cafe de Paris, 1260 n. Dearborn pkwy. (WH 4-5620). French fare is made all the more enjoyable by a Gallic setting. Crepe suzette is a house specialty. 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. Dinner from $3.60.

The Cameo, 116 e. Walton st. (SU 7-1200). Both the dinners and diners are among the most decorative in town. Noon to 1 a.m. Dinner from $3.70.

Clipper room, Atlantic hotel, 316 s. Clark (WA 2-2646). Sea food and German dishes. 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. A la carte from $1.55.

Corona cafe, 531 Rush (WH 4-9288). Nothing fancy, just excellent steaks and roast beef. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. Lunch from $.75; dinner from $1.75.

Gibby's 192 n. Clark (AN 3-8181). Theater-goers have long enjoyed its good dinners and late snacks served to the accompaniment of Sammy Williams' piano.

Fred Harvey's Harlequin room, Palmolive building, 919 n. Michigan (DE 7-0606). A dark, quiet room for restrained dining. 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch from $1.25; dinner from $2.25.

Ireland's, 632 n. Clark (DE 7-2020). The neighborhood has changed considerably since this establishment began serving sea food in the early 1900s, but the standards of excellence have remained the same. 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from $2.50.

L'Aiglon, 22 e. Ontario (DE 7-6070). French dishes and southern-style sea food are specialties in this Victorian mansion with suitable decor. Noon to midnight.

Riccardo's, 437 n. Rush (WH 4-8815). Near North sophistication and complex Italian dishes. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m. Lunch from $1; dinner from $2.25.

St. Hubert's grill, 316 Federal (WE 9-8770). Superior food served by red-coated waiters in old English surroundings. Mon.-Sat., noon to midnight; closed Sun. A la carte from $6.

suburban & beyond

The Chalet, 425 Waukegan, Northbrook (CR 2-0135). German Swiss menu includes sauerbraten and geschnetzlets with spaetzle. Mon.-Thu., 5 p.m. to midnight; Fri. & Sat., to 2 a.m. Sun., 12:30 p.m. to midnight.

Coach and Four, U.S. 20, one mile e. of Marengo (Marengo 41-J). A coachhouse restaurant of commendable fare and a women's apparel shop share the setting of a pre-Civil war mansion. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Czech Lodge, 2519 s. Des Plaines, North Riverside (RI 7-9786). Close by for Brookfield zoo visitors, a full menu of Czech food is served. Tue.-Fri., 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sat. from 5 p.m.; Sun. from 3 p.m.

House of Jean, 209 e. Chicago, Elgin (Elgin 3932). A surprising locale in which to find really good Cantonese food. Daily, 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Food a la carte, $.75-$2.50.

Wenzlaff's, Milwaukee av., Wheeling (Wheeling 129). Homemade relishes and desserts and fine entrees (many of German origin) make a drive here worthwhile. Noon to 10 p.m.; closed Wed. Dinner from $3.25.

Picture credits, top to bottom: page 6, Harry Callahan, David Jackson; p. 7, Jack DeSort; p. 8, Callahan; p. 12, Callahan; p. 15, Russell V. Hamm.

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WEST *of the Water Tower*

THE PERIPATETIC PAINTINGS

Not long ago a local art dealer went to Europe and brought back a selection of paintings by young Continental artists. Even less long ago a group of European art dealers visited his gallery and purchased the same works for their galleries. They plan to sell them to American tourists.

DEAD MAN HENNESSY

Cross the bridge west of the Opera House on Madison street some morning and walk on by the unkempt men with caps in their hands and mumbles on their lips, and keep walking west. Before the 1900 block, chances are a black 1948 Dodge will pull to the curb and a tall, thick-bodied man will step out. He'll be wearing neat, loose-fitting clothes: dark trousers; a sports jacket, perhaps; a hat pulled down to black bushy eyebrows. The right trouser pocket will sag slightly from the weight of a revolver. The man is a cop and someone is dead in Bum Town.

The men on the curb fingering the change in their pockets, weighing whether to buy a glass now or a wine jug later on—if they get more money—know he is a cop. They wait, and when he walks over and stands rubbing his forehead under the hat brim, they answer his questions. Maybe one purses his mouth or tugs at an ear, trying to remember something he knew last night, last week, sometime. He remembers: "Yeah, I knew him. Said he was from Carthage, Missouri." Then bewildered: "I think Missouri. Maybe Illinois. I don't know—one of them places."

Detective Sergeant John J. Hennessy nods his head, waves, then walks vigorously on west. He stops at other knots of men clustered on sidewalks and in gutters and before room clerks in the hotels where a bed costs 75 cents a night and asks his questions: did you know the old man who died in the hotel up the street last night? Where was he from? Did he have any friends?

When he has turned up several leads to the man's background, Hennessy returns to the Monroe street police station and upstairs to the homicide office where he pieces the information together in an effort to find the man's next-of-kin. The odds are excellent that he will succeed for, during the past 20 years he has found someone to claim Madison street's dead in 95 of 100 cases.

"Dead Man" Hennessy is called that because he spends his full time investigating deaths. If the coroner decides the death was other than natural, Hennessy calls in other police agencies for aid; if it is a natural death, he too often has to make the rounds on the street, trying to save the man from a pauper's grave.

"It pays off for a man to spend his full time doing that," Hennessy said. "There's 6,500 on that damn street. Madison street, the one newspapers call Skid Row. I call it Bum Town. They come and go. Five to six hundred die there each year. I'd say 95 per cent get buried by their families."

A plain-clothes man before joining homicide, he is 60, has spent 35 years on the force, 27 years at the station. "So I know that Bum Town pretty well. I don't know the characters, but I know their ways." Then Hennessy, who talks hard like a movie cop, softened his voice as he explained about the men whose lives and deaths are involved with his own life.

"Mostly they're a laboring class. Many worked on the railroads for a day wage. They wouldn't work unless they got paid every day. But toda we don't have the railroads tearin up the tracks like they used to—w got railroads that fly thru the air an place. We used to have ten c twelve employment agencies run b railroads. But not any more. So the come here where it's cheap to live.

"A lot of yokels come from a over the United States for medic attention. They get it here, so there no sense going back to the cros roads garage. A lot saw service i the army. Their average age is 40-4

"Madison street is just like a col Florida vacation to some of ther These guys save up $300 and liv two months drinking wine, then g back to the farm. Down there peop drink highballs and spend two week

"There's an older class who con down here to live because they don want to be a burden. They have pe sions and find companionship abo the same age. They're not the drin ing class.

"We get the missing, too. But aft you locate them what can you d I bring him in and make him wri a letter home." Pulling a sheaf papers from his desk drawer he re thru the addresses of the 30 or letters received that month. They we from 17 different states. All ask help to find a father, brother or s

Hennessy waved his hand nort toward Madison. "There's no cri among those guys. Oh, there may a little petty larceny when they down to another neighborhood, b there's not much, to my knowled

"It's a funny thing about dea These bums know me; they coopera They'll go out of their way to h me. Everyone helps someone th in trouble. A guy's dead, they figu he's in trouble. They're closemouth otherwise."

Dead Man Hennessy has two fi in his office. One holds lined she

white paper on which he records
e cases he is called out on. Case
9 was dated February 12. Nine
en died in a rooming house fire.
e flipped thru the papers, pulled
ne out. "There was no trouble with
at," he said, smoothing the paper.
Fingerprints did most of it. Some
them, their families read about
e fire and called up. One went
ver to the morgue and positively
entified his father."

That file showed 264 men had
ed in the district at midsummer.
ut most die in winter from exposure
from a fall on the ice.

He has another file near his desk.
is the key to locating relatives of
e men on the street. "After we arrest
em two times we make out one of
ese cards." It is a thick file: the
mber of Madison street men who
t picked up over one week end
n run as high as 75, tho many of
em are repeaters.

"If we find a dead man on the
reet, say, and he has identification
him, we compare it to our arrest
rd. We locate 75 per cent of kin
ru those cards. Or we find a charity
rd, and check the charity.

"Our final check is thru finger-
ints—with the national fingerprint
reau in Washington. The prints will
me back with the right spelling of
e name, which is a big help. Some
these guys may have four names."

Another detective came up the
irs just then. Catching the con-
rsation, he sat down in the swivel
air, his hands clasped behind his
ad. "They call it the Boulevard of
oken Dreams," he offered.

Dead Man Hennessy looked up
m the arrest cards. "I call it Bum
wn," he said.

OSAIC

The driver of Daigre cab No. 2616
ys a harmonica while waiting for
p lights to change.

OX POPLAR

Last year when the poplar outside
odworth's bookstore on east 57th
et began to sicken, an entire com-
nity trembled for its favorite ad-
tising medium. The tree which,
ording to Hyde Park legend, had
n planted before the Columbian
position, had for years served as a community bulletin board, its sturdy trunk covered with scraps of paper noting items for sale or wanted.

When the condition of the tree was determined to be mortal, Woodworth's had it cut down, leaving the thick ten-foot trunk standing to permit the carrying on of trade.

Posting notice is simplicity itself. With his message typed, printed or scrawled on a small card, the advertiser goes to the tree with a couple of thumb tacks, finds a vacant space, and he's in business. Occasionally there isn't a vacant space, and then procedure is dictated by ethics. A civilized type, aware of the stress and complexities of urban living, finds a notice that has plainly outlived its usefulness—for instance, apartment to sublet for July when it is now October—tears off the card as a public service, and affixes his. The aggressive, untamed type, finds a notice that duplicates his, tears it off, and puts his up.

At any time of the year there will be 50 to 100 notes there, more in the summer than in the winter. Traffic is mostly in housing, furniture, books, musical equipment, services such as typing, tutoring or baby sitting, but there is also a lot of miscellany. Many a university student has found rooms or roommates from the tree during his entire college career. Common items are outgrown clothes, appliances, vintage cars, hi-fi sets, records, encyclopedias, kittens, bound volumes of learned publications.

Occasionally a variant type of notice appears. Some years ago, there showed up a hortatory message on the general theme that destruction was near and that repentence was the thing. Comment ran from amusement to indignation. No one ever saw the author of these messages, but suspicion pointed at various members of a nearby divinity school who were taking a course in religious publicity. Abruptly the messages ceased. The conclusion was varied: Hyde Park could not be saved, Hyde Park was saved, the course in religious publicity was over..

The tree is never used for lonely heart messages, and only occasionally is there a note such as "Joe—go to hell."

Two years ago, the tree was summarily denuded of its cards and looked briefly like any other poplar. Someone had seen a small boy busily tearing off the cards and thumbtacks, and there was muttering about juvenile delinquency. Two days later an employe of Woodworth's saw an eleven-year-old boy snatch at the newly posted cards. The boy explained that all these tacks hurt the tree, that it would get sick, and how would you like to have hundreds of tacks stuck into you?

The Woodworth man explained that this was nonsense, the tree wasn't hurt one bit, that if the boy interfered again someone would take stern action.

When the tree came down, the man from Woodworth's rather expected to see the small boy lurking about with a wise smirk.

IT IS WRITTEN

On the awning of a restaurant on Sedgwick street: "Marie's Grill." And on the window: "Ruth's Restaurant."

HE-SHE JOKE

This colloquy was overheard at a party:

Man: The trouble with women is they're too subjective.

Woman: I'm not.

drawings by Claes Oldenburg

MEN OF ADDED DISTINCTION

This is the text of a press release from Northwestern university:

Correction.

In release from this office beginning, "Five members of the Northwestern university medical school faculty have been promoted to the rank of full professor . . .", please correct as follows:

In second and third paragraphs, add *Dr.* to all names.

Thank you.

RANDOLPH STREET FARMER'S MARKET

At 3:25 a.m. the peddler swung his horse and wagon off empty and echoing Randolph street. He pulled up in the parking area between the traffic curb and the sidewalk, at the corner of Carpenter. Grinning, he looked at the dark Loop and the sky over the lake and hollered at a man in dungarees: "Heya, Sam, it's gonna be good day. We can dance in the street. How mucha your tomatoes today?" The man in dungarees, a farmer from Skokie, rattled off a price and the two men began probing the bushel baskets in the farmer's pick-up truck with flashlights. This was one of many pre-dawn sales taking place in the dark, busy block between Carpenter and Morgan streets, the area of the Randolph street market.

The place, a village-square anomaly in a vast warehouse and manufacturing district, is one of the last of its kind. Here the farmer does his own selling and deals not with the big wholesale houses, but directly with the consumer and the small middleman.

Things start happening about 2 a.m. Farmers, their trucks filled with vegetables and fruits picked and loaded the day before, arrive and set up business. This involves finding a parking place, dropping the tailgate on the truck (several read "Children Stay Off") and finding out what price the other farmers up and down the block are asking. Some of the men go around to the restaurant on the corner to get a supply of change. The restaurant owner, who does his biggest business between 2 and 4 a.m., hasn't been able to decide whether he should run a restaurant or a bar so he does both, selling coffee to the early farmers and whiskey to the late truckers. He also sells cotton work gloves.

By 4 a.m. the farmers, now engaged in the heaviest business of the day, can hear roosters crow from Fulton street market three blocks away. The customers aren't as profuse as they used to be, but they're still early. They have to arrive before 6 a.m. to drive a real bargain. The majority of them these days are peddlers, whom the farmers regard in a kind of hierarchy from peddlers with pushcarts to those with horses and wagons to those who have open trucks.

Sometimes the customers trade between themselves. One peddler with a tired brown horse has been trying to sell it to a pushcart peddler for three weeks running. "He doesn't eat much," he explains. "All you do is keep him in the back yard. You sell much more with horse, cause the kids like. I hate to sell him. He's good horse." This particular peddler buys a horse, easily, every spring. Then he sells it, with difficulty, at the end of the fresh vegetable season.

Another peddler, one of the *nouveau riche*, has a red truck with the front of the cab inscribed "Grab a bag quick, Ma, here comes Nick." Some small fruit and vegetable stand owners buy from Randolph street, but not many, for most of the big wholesale houses not only sell at comparable prices but deliver. Not too many years ago, restaurant owners came daily but, as one farmer explains, "They're gettin' too civilized to get up so early." There's still an occasional Cadillac, with a sleepy man in a business suit loading raw material for the *soup du jour* into the back seat. There are always a few housewives in curlers buying produce by the bushel for canning.

Sometime before daylight a tall gray haired man in a natty blue suit and hat comes by and sells each farmer a parking ticket for 55 cents. He's Frank Ryan, a former state health department employe who is now the mayor's market master. The city sponsors the market, and Ryan's job is to sell all the farmers a ticket and make certain that fruits and vegetables are sold only in gross lots. The city insists that produce be sold by the bushel and peck and bag rather than by the pound or piece. Ryan also sees to it that peddlers don't dump garbage on the street and he keeps customers from blocking the main traffic lanes. The market master also sees himself as an inspector of sorts. "I don't let any of those guys bring any junk in here to sell," he explains. "Their tomatoes got to be ripe and the corn can't have worms, or I send them right back to where they came from."

But there's not much problem in maintaining quality in produce. The tomatoes, eggplants and apples in baskets all appear to have been individually wiped off and seem to be at the point of perfect ripeness. But the sodium vapor lights on Randolph distort the color of tomatoes and corn

A sale ripens under farmer's flashlight.

Fall dawn finds farmer's market busy beneath city street lights.

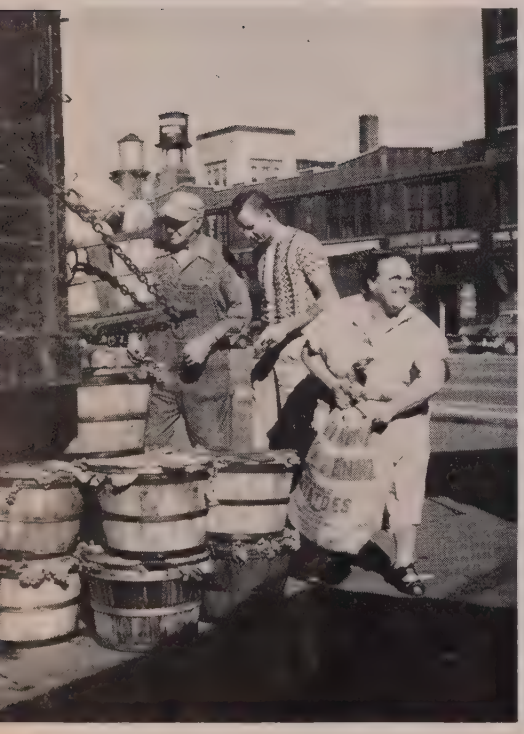
mewhat unpleasantly, so all pre-awn trading is done by flashlight. "I'm proud of my corn," explains farmer from Downers Grove. "That's hy I like to sell it myself, instead taking it to one of the big whole-le houses down on South Water arket. There you got to work on nsignment and it gets stacked up ith a lot of other guys' stuff on the ading dock. I don't make a full ing at this any more. They're ilding a housing project all around land, and seems like I got so many neighbors now that I give most of the stuff away. My wife tells me I'm crazy to get up at one o'clock in the morning all summer and fall, to come in here. But I like it. I like the people who buy, and they like to buy from me, too, instead of some big wholesaler they've never seen. That's the way it ought to be, more like this with people knowing each other and buying and selling."

Another farmer says that the disappearance of markets has produced beer gardens. "In the old days, people used to have some place to get together. They'd go to the market, and it wasn't only work. They'd talk and sing and stay for a couple days. Now where have people got to go to get together? That's right, to the beer gardens."

But the farmer pays for the luxury of selling at Randolph street. There's more involved than a 55-cent parking permit. In the big, fast markets at South Water market and Fulton street, it takes five minutes for negotiations with a wholesaler for a truck load of

Outdoor market season runs from May to October.

Housewives hunting bargains for canning vie with peddlers for produce.



Large wholesale firms compete in price but not in appeal of wares.

To casual spectators, peddler's horse may be as curious as market activity.

apples. It may take a farmer eight hours to sell the same truck load on Randolph street. He's got to sell produce like tomatoes and melons the same day it's picked, so if, by the time the sun is up, he still has half a truckful, he has to drive down the street to one of the small wholesale houses and get rid of it. There the owner knows the situation he's in and takes advantage of it by paying lower prices. Altho they are competing with the privately owned, association-run South Water market, the farmers on Randolph work together without competition.

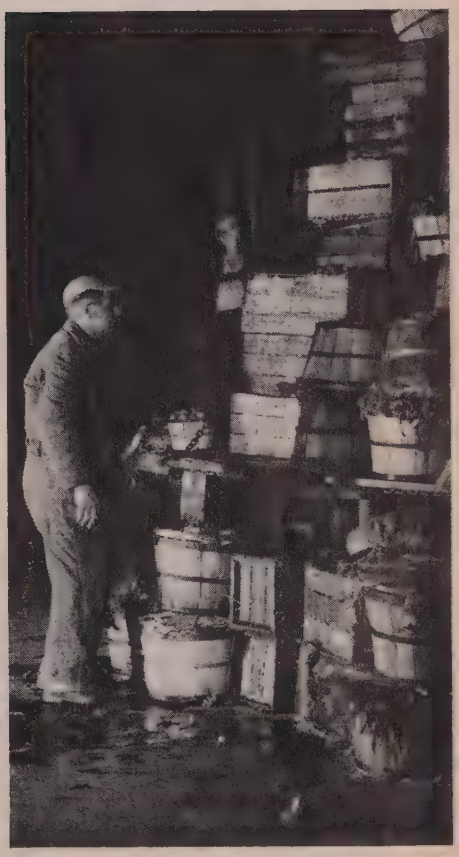
Current prices pass up and down the line of trucks much more rapidly than money changes hands. Since they all sell the top grade produce early, and save the second grade for the cheaper buyers who come around late for left-overs, prices on squash, for example, will seldom vary by more than five cents up and down the line. One man will often alternate with his neighbor in driving into the city. When one comes in to sell produce from both farms, the other remains to pick the crop to bring in the next day. If one farmer in the line finds himself faced with the humiliating necessity of taking an overabundance of beets to a wholesaler, the farmer on his right or left will toss a burlap bag into his parking place to save it for him.

At one time, the farmers filled the street as far east as Desplaines. In those days it was called the Hay market, because hay was the major commodity. There were two sets o

Day's business, which begins at 2 a.m., is all but over by 6.

peddler
pushcart
ud,
y customer.

In spite of first-name familiarity between buyers and sellers, bargaining is sharp.



After 50-mile drive, farmer-salesman sets up for business in sleeping city.

graphs by William Miller

reetcar tracks on the street, and ie hay wagons pulled up in between ie tracks and on both sides of them. yan points out that Randolph is always been one of the widest reets in the city and that it was anned that way in order to create suitable produce market area for e farmers.

In spite of the development refrigeration, supermarkets and rge wholesale houses, the market aster thinks that the removal of the reetcar tracks and the introduction of one way traffic on Randolph are the chief factors killing the farmer's market. "They got those farmers pushed right back against the curbs now. When I started here three years ago the trucks were scattered on both sides of the street for three blocks. I put 'em all together up there in front of the warehouse because now they don't block store fronts and because that's the way a market ought to be, all together." The city plans to keep the market going anyway, he says, even tho it's dwindled in size. Most of the farmers come from no farther away than 50 miles, many of them from the northwest suburbs. But there aren't too many left, now. Many have sold their land to the new subdivisions that are going up all around.

The market master says out-of-state farmers never come into the market. "The city maintains this market only for Illinois people," he says with pride. "Besides, those guys from Michigan and Wisconsin aren't farmers, anyway. They're truckers."

WHEN THE CITY WAS PA

Newspaper giveaways have never been the same since the fantastic Hearst-McCormick handouts of 1921

by Joseph Silverman

The efforts of the daily newspapers to thrust money upon readers with Tangle Towns, Little Foolers, Lucky Bucks, Trix and Treats and such are not very impressive. They demand too much for too little reward; they require work, research, effort, and what, really, is in it for the winners?

These gestures of largesse show up feebly in comparison with the pickings of the brief, dizzy period in 1921 when the *Herald and Examiner* and the *Tribune*, the two morning newspapers, then, daily pitched thousands of dollars into their readers' clutching hands for doing absolutely nothing.

Those were gold-standard, uninflated dollars they handed out, at a time when paying income tax, even more than owning a Cadillac, proved that a man had arrived; in short, the winners could keep all their money. The day the frenzy of hurling $55,000 dollars at the populace reached its peak, the city went almost completely giddy. It is not true that all work stopped. Wheels turned, smoke issued from chimneys, trains ran, typewriters rattled, but all those activities were secondary to inspecting countless small bits of paper and hoping for the lucky coupon that might bring as much as $10,000.

Those were the days when, according to Madison street mythology, the late William Randolph Hearst swore that his morning newspaper, the late *Herald and Examiner*, heir to almost half a dozen other local papers, would outstrip the *Tribune* in both circulation and advertising. Never a slow man with a dollar when it would create a sensation, Hearst shot a sizable bankroll trying to achieve his goal.

The episode began with a fine example of Hearstian indirection. A story in the Sunday *Herald and Examiner* of October 30, 1921, from Los Angeles—starting on page one and spilling over to the second page—told of one Harry M. Phillips, who had come to town purportedly from Torreon, Mexico, where he had spent years prospecting and had finally struck it rich. It was his first visit to civilization in years, and what impressed him about the Angelenos was their glumness: no one he saw in Los Angeles smiled.

Brooding over that sad condition, he decided to do something about it. In a few minutes he had distributed hundreds of dollars to everybody in the lobby of his hotel; then he tipped every bellboy in sight with a ten or a 20 and went out onto the fire escape to throw money into the street. He saw people smile and felt better.

The article described Phillips as about 36, travel-stained and apparently a man of some education. But he was modest. He didn't want publicity, which was probably why he would talk only to a Hearst reporter. He announced that he would probably come to Chicago and stay at the Morrison or the Sherman.

Three days later the exponent of smiles walked into the Merchants hotel, in Omaha, Nebraska, refusing to give his name to reporters but registering as Harry M. Phillips. The residents of Omaha also seemed a gloomy lot—there was a depression in 1921—and Phillips immediately went into his act, throwing dollars, half dollars, and other coins into the street. In Omaha, he seemed to favor newsboys, pressing money on them whenever he could. And also in Omaha Phillips revealed himself as just a typical, friendly American young man. When asked about his matrimonial plans, he said he was looking for an old fashioned girl.

Two days later he hit the front page again—of the *Herald and Examiner*, that is. Still in Omaha, he stopped pushing money at people long enough to explain himself. Once when he was a boy and poor, a man had given him money just to see him smile. Since that fateful day he had dreamed of the time when, having made his pile, he could make everybody smile.

But it wasn't as easy as he had once thought. There was all this publicity. He didn't see any reason for newspaper comment just because he rounded up 150 jobless men and marched them into an exclusive restaurant in Omaha to eat breast of guinea hen. He planned to be in Chicago the next day and had wired the Sherman to reserve three rooms, a bath, and a private dining room where presumably he could serve breast of guinea hen to as many of the jobless as he wished without being observed.

Next day, Phillips showed up here. Giving his apologia to reporters—reporters from the *Herald and Examiner*—he said that he owed a lot to the city, that he didn't like beggars, that he liked people and that he considered a pleasant surprise the greatest thing in the world.

As a beginning to his visit, he w

TO SMILE

early arrested on a charge of kid-
apping. He had persuaded a bellhop
Omaha to accompany him here
a valet, but the bellhop's sister
anted him in Omaha and had sought
warrant.

N THE FOLLOWING day, Sunday, the
erald and Examiner reported that
arry M. Phillips had been arrested
vice—not for kidnapping but for ob-
ructing traffic. After the second time,
e revealed that his views on the city
ad soured. He had come here, he
id, to give $25,000 to the people of
hicago. Rebuffed at every turn, he
eclared: "I am disgusted, completely
sgusted. Every time I try to make
oor people smile, the police appear
stop me. They must be a gloomy
t . . . . a man who tries to make
eople happy in this town is crazy."
hen, his education slipping a little,
e said: "This is a bum town. I'm
oing to blow back where I came
om."

Thus far, the *Herald and Examiner*
ad seemingly taken an objective view
Phillips' activities. But when he
egan to make unflattering judgments
n the city, the paper reared up in
s defense. In a boxed, two column
ditorial on the front page, the paper
id, among other things: "The *Her-*
ld and Examiner disagrees with Mr.
hillips. It believes Chicago the most
onderful city in the world and Chi-
goans the best people . . . . The
erald and Examiner will make good
n Mr. Phillips' pledge to give away
25,000 to people absolutely by sur-
ise."

To prove that these were not empty
ords, a full page ad in the front

HERALD EXAMINER 6 A. FINAL

RIOT OVER SMILE MONEY

...e Sheriff's ... City Phillips Quits FIVE SHOT
When 15,000 IN I. C. M...
Fight for Coin

...Field to Herald and Examiner
Will Give Away
$1,000 Pr...

Today HERALD EXAMINER FINAL

$25,000 FREE FOR SMILES

Herald and Examiner Undertakes Harry Phillips' Job of Giving Away Money.
Nothing to Do. Nothing to Risk. First Christmas Bonus Money Next Sunday.

...day ...ONTS Mrs ... THOUSANDS ... Results of the ...

Tribune's $200,000.00 Cash Offer — Pages 10 and 11

Chicago Daily Tribune. FINAL

...OURT HALTS NICKEL F...

...MARY OF CHEER CHECKS

Did We Fall or Were We Pushed?

The Tribune enters upon its mammoth distribution of cash by lot with strangely mingled emotions. We frankly admit that when our morning contemporary inaugurated this scheme for selling more papers, we looked upon it with disfavor, not to say distaste. Having built our own circulation upon the merits of our newspaper, we felt somehow that the innovation was unethical.

But the judiciary and the officials elected to administer and to enforce our laws co-operated so wholeheartedly in the promotion of this remunerative charity that our scruples seemed actually prudish—a relic of days when skirts trailed below the ankles, and "penny ante" was a mortal sin.

Furthermore, it seemed a shame that an institution which had flourished in such expansive magnificence, even in the piffling banana republics, should receive such niggardly treatment in this rich metropolis. As the dominant newspaper of this community, long supreme both in circulation and in advertising, we were obviously confronted with the *duty* of seeing that three million people were no longer insulted by being urged to scramble for a share in $500 a day.

The publication of numbers all jumbled up so that holders of tickets could determine only with the greatest difficulty whether or not they had won, was another point not in keeping with the best traditions of this ancient institution, nor with the dignity and fair name of our city.

Having been "pushed" by these factors we "fell"—or rather we "plunged." The reception which the citizens of Chicago have given to our offer of $200,000.00 and yesterday's split of $17,000.00 is indeed gratifying. We are also pleased to announce that our contemporary has seen the light (to some extent) and is now "offering" more money.

We must confess that it is difficult to feel so keenly the scruples of past weeks now that circulation is rising in such astounding waves. We could have easily sold a million Tribunes yesterday, and we have hardly begun. It seems too good to be true. Such profitable philanthropy!

section gave a complete plan of action. Smile coupons with serial numbers would be available thruout the city, at movies, drugstores, grocery stores and, of course, there would be a Smile coupon in every copy of the *Herald and Examiner* bought at a news-stand or delivered to the home. Numbers would be drawn every Sunday. There would be one $1,000 prize, one of $250, several of $100 and $50, many of $25, $10, $5, and $1. Holders of winning coupons merely showed up at the newspaper office and exchanged their slips of paper for checks.

As proof that there were no ulterior motives, no one had to buy a *Herald and Examiner* to see if his coupons entitled him to smile. Winning numbers would be posted in the windows of the main and branch offices of the newspaper. Of course, if any one wanted to be absolutely sure, he could have the *Herald and Examiner* delivered to his home.

Chosen to draw the numbers the first day was George B. Christian, secretary to President Warren G. Harding. To maintain proceedings on this high level, others nominated as number pickers included Mayor William Hale Thompson, Governor Len Small, and State's Attorney Robert Crowe.

On Monday, November 7, the paper announced the distribution of Smile cards thruout the city; there was also an inspiring disquisition on the importance of smiles. On Tuesday, the city saw the last of Harry M. Phillips, who stood on the "L" platform at 63rd and Cottage Grove and threw money to a riotous crowd in the streets. Their unruliness saddened him, and he announced that he was giving up. Making Chicago smile was too tough for one man. That was the end of Phillips and his efforts to spread happiness here, and anywhere else as far as one could learn. Maybe he returned to Torreon. Maybe, as some smirkingly hinted, he returned to the *Herald and Examiner* circulation department. Except for one wry reference later, he was not mentioned again.

But what one man could not accomplish, a metropolitan newspaper set out to achieve. Sunday, November 13, the first drawing took place. Instead of the heralded presidential secretary, the numbers were drawn by W. J. Burns of the United States secret service.

Two thousand dollars was scattered that day to make people smile. The top award was a thousand, as promised. Miss Minnie Krieger, a Sears, Roebuck employe, won it, and she smiled.

QUICKLY THE SMILES campaign got into its stride. On the day the money started to flow, the *Herald and Examiner* announced that there would be a drawing every day with $1,000 in prizes. The roster of public officials and celebrities who drew the numbers was expanded to include A. D. Lasker, chairman of the United States Shipping board, E. J. Tobin, county superintendent of schools, and Charles Ray, a popular movie actor of the time.

Thanksgiving was coming on, however, and the *Herald and Examiner* wanted to give the citizenry something really to be thankful for. Sunday, November 20, the prizes amounted to $3,000, the $1,000 award going to Mrs. Rose Dealy, a policeman's widow, who was trying to raise a large family on a small income. The paper exploited that story in the usua Hearstian way, but in the same way the little people were not slighted Nine-year-old Adelaide Lewis, wh won a dollar, told why she was smil ing. She was going to save the mone and add to it until she had enoug to buy her uncle a pair of boxin gloves. He was a "real good fighter.

The following day, the *Herald an Examiner* announced with smug re gret its sorrow at not having printe enough papers to take care of th demand. It reminded readers that on way to be sure of getting the pape with the Smile coupon each da along with a list of the winning num bers, was to have it delivered at hom

Meanwhile, the *Tribune* was mee ing its competitor's something - for nothing stunt with silence, hopin that if it ignored the whole affair would go away and preferring to b lieve that people cared more to kno all the details of the naval disarm ment conference then going on Washington.

However, close observers could s

$200,000.00
$17,000.00 GIVEN TOMORROW!
FREE TO HOLDERS OF THE TRIBUNE'S "CHRISTMAS CHEER CHECKS"
You Pay No Money! You Do No Work! You Enter No Contest! Simply Hold the Lucky Number on a CHICAGO TRIBUNE Christmas Cheer Check
SUNDAY PRIZES
Far more prizes and more money than offered elsewhere
First number drawn $5,000.00 $5,000.00
Second number drawn 2,500.00 2,500.00
Third number drawn 1,000.00 1,000.00
Next 2 numbers drawn—EACH 500.00 1,000.00
Next 4 numbers drawn—EACH 250.00 1,000.00
Next 10 numbers drawn—EACH 100.00 1,000.00
Next 20 numbers drawn—EACH 50.00 1,000.00
Next 40 numbers drawn—EACH 25.00 1,000.00
Next 100 numbers drawn—EACH 10.00 1,000.00
Next 500 numbers drawn—EACH 5.00 2,500.00
TOTAL PRIZES—679 EVERY SUNDAY TOTAL MONEY—$17,000.00
In Addition 170 Cash Prizes Totaling $2,500.00 Will Be Given Away Every Week Day and Special Prizes from Time to Time
WATCH FOR THESE!
Some Whys and Wherefores
MERCHANTS! NOTICE!
FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF 679 LUCKY NUMBERS SEE TOMORROW'S
Chicago Sunday Tribune
THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

at something was stirring in the *ribune*. On Sunday, November 20, announced a great essay contest George Washington for school chil-en and teachers. Prizes amounting $11,650 would be awarded, and e contest would run until February , 1922, by which time the *Tribune* esumably hoped the *Herald and Ex-miner* would run out of money.

But more and more people bought *erald and Examiners*, and circulation gures are irrefutable. Somehow, read-s seemed to prefer a contest that ve away money for nothing to one which their kids kept nagging for lp. (During the first three weeks its giveaway, the *Herald and Ex-miner's* daily circulation jumped m 400,000 to 500,000. The *Trib-e's* circulation for the same period as about 490,000, but in the week which the paper joined in the veaway it shot up to well over 5,000. On the last day of the con-st, a Sunday, both papers sold more an a million copies each).

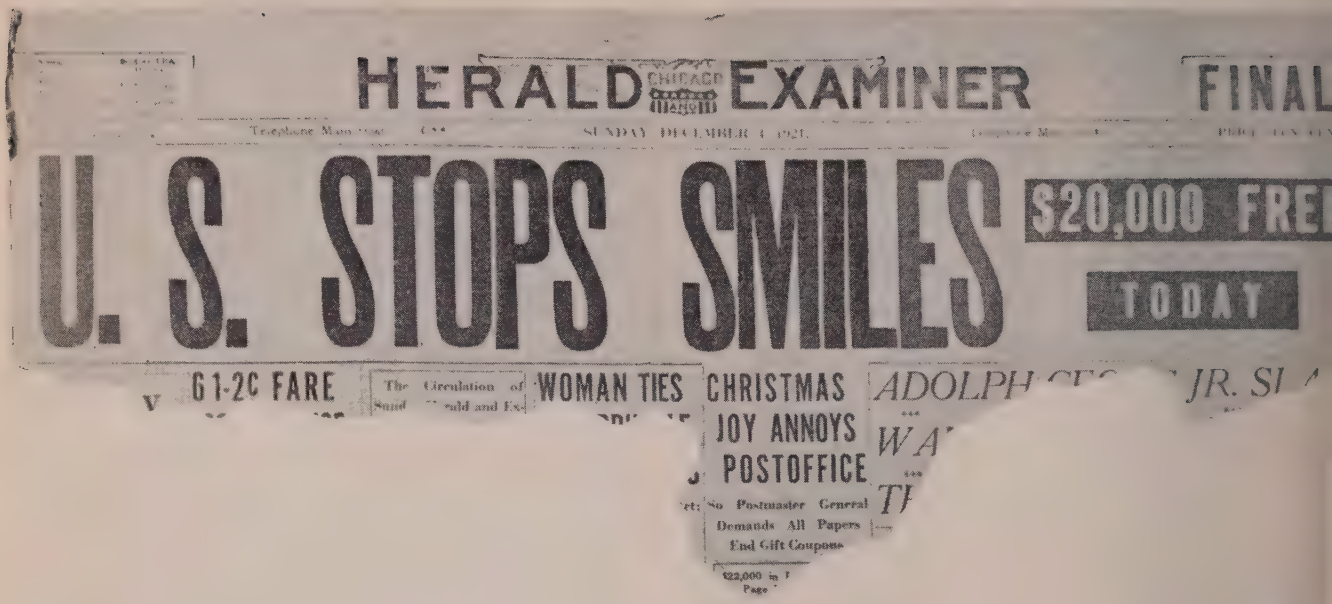
The time for decision came on Thanksgiving Day when the *Herald and Examiner* proudly surveyed its work, found it good, and decided to expand. "The *Herald and Examiner's* distribution of $25,000 has made Chicago so happy that this paper has decided to raise its offer to $100,000," it proclaimed. Christmas was imminent.

Tribune executives must have been summoned from their Thanksgiving holidays; *Tribune* offices must have held a lot of earnest discussion. The decision was made: anything the *Herald and Examiner* could do, the *Tribune* could do twice as well.

Friday's *Tribune* told the story. If people needed free money to make them happy, nobody was able to supply this better than the *Tribune*. The *Tribune* did not necessarily approve of the project, but anything the city wanted and the *Tribune* could bestow, the city got. The *Tribune* was going to distribute $200,000 in a campaign to spread Christmas cheer. This would not be done in dribs and drabs, but in large chunks of money, $5,000 a day, $6,000, even more. Its coupons would be called Cheer checks.

So the competition to stuff money into clutching hands was on. The city responded with frantic enthusiasm. Newspapers were the most reliable sources of the money-bearing coupons. Other sources—theaters, grocery stores and drugstores—often ran out. People roamed from news-stand to news-stand, thrusting dollar bills at newsboys, demanding an armful of *Tribunes* and *Herald and Examiners*, plucking out the coupons and throwing the papers away. Employers complained that their employes were too busy checking coupons to do a day's work. Advertisers complained that nobody read their ads. Theirs were small voices, however, and by and large the city was smiling and cheerful.

ON THURSDAY, December 1, the *Tribune* stole a march; its numbers were worth $5,000. The *Herald and Examiner* offered only $3,000. Next day, positions were reversed, with the


HERALD EXAMINER FINAL

SUNDAY DECEMBER 4 1921.

U. S. STOPS SMILES

$20,000 FREE

TODAY

1-2c FARE

The Circulation of ... Herald and Examiner

WOMAN TIES CHRISTMAS JOY ANNOYS POSTOFFICE

Postmaster General Demands All Papers End Gift Coupons

$22,000 in P... Page ...

ADOLPH ... JR. SU...

WA...

TI...

design by Carl Schr

Herald and Examiner giving $7,000 to the *Tribune's* $6,000.

All during this redistribution of wealth, while the *Tribune's* right hand gave away thousands daily, its left hand wrote articles pointing out that the whole business was nonsense. On December 2, for instance, it announced that the following Sunday would be the biggest free money day ever. It took no pleasure in this fact, tho. "One week ago today," it said, "the *Tribune* offered to distribute $200,000 in cash free by lot (since the authorities and public approved of that ancient but questionable circulation building scheme as operated by our morning contemporary). We frankly imitated them by offering real money in large chunks . . . . Sunday's drawing will be the most stupendous free distribution of cash ever known in Chicago."

The *Herald and Examiner* had announced on Thursday, December 1, that Sunday, December 4, it would give away $20,000. The *Tribune* waited until Saturday, December 3, to tell its readers that on the next day they could expect $35,000 from the *Tribune*.

The city seethed. Life was tinged with a golden glow. A fabulous new era was dawning in which people would just sit around and wait for their lucky coupons. But it was the last eruption before the fireworks all went out, leaving the sky cloudy and dark.

On Sunday, December 4, in the issues announcing the winning numbers for the total of $55,000, both papers printed identical telegrams from Postmaster General Will Hays, requesting that they cease their happiness-spreading activities. They also printed a letter from Charles F. Clyne, U. S. district attorney. In brain-breaking syntax, he requested that they desist.

He wrote: "Complaints have been made to this office concerning the carrying on of an enterprise by lot of prize money, thru your newspaper published in Chicago. An examination of the facts discloses that, while I do not find you have in this matter used the United States mails or transported in interstate commerce, you have created a condition in which it seems that if the federal law relating to such matters has not been violated, there is imminent danger that it will be." The rest of his letter used similar egg-walking techniques to avoid accusing the newspapers of anything shady but asking them to stop what they were doing.

The *Tribune* played this as a straight news story, the *Herald and Examiner* as a major catastrophe with a heavy black streamer on the front page: "U. S. STOPS SMILES." Both papers ran telegrams from their publishers promising to comply with the government's request.

Following its publication of the winning numbers on Sunday, the *Tribune* proceeded to wrap up the whole affair. On Monday, December 5, its comments on the conclusion of its Christmas cheer distribution pointed out that the *Tribune* had given the city a much fairer shake in handing out free money and that its method of distribution had been more "democratic" because it had chosen ordinary citizens to draw the lucky numbers, including unemployed men from west Madison street.

On Tuesday, the *Tribune's* star reporter, Richard Henry Little, got a two-column splash on the front page as he demanded that the citizens forget their selfish preoccupation with giveaway programs and get busy on the Good Fellows project. Christmas was coming. He rewrote that article for the next day, and for every day the following week.

SIGNIFICANTLY, in its reaction to the government's ruling, not once did the *Tribune* denounce government interference with private enterprise. Not so the *Herald and Examiner*. At Madison and Franklin they were not worried one bit about the amount of the

hief's money that found its way to the hands of smiling readers. hey believed they had a good thing id were annoyed when it was stop-ed. Their circulation on Sunday, De-mber 4, went over a million. They ere making friends with many ad-rtisers. The large Piggly-Wiggly ocery chain advertised the contest most as much as it did its own gro-ries, pointing out that a recent ,000 winner had obtained his Smile upon at a Piggly-Wiggly store, and at all Piggly-Wiggly stores carried mile coupons as faithfully as they rried soap.

To express their annoyance, the litors of the *Herald and Examiner* otted out an almost forgotten name: When Harry M. Phillips, the man om Mexico, came to Chicago to give vay $25,000, he started something. hillips was arrested four times while ving away money on the charge of sturbing the peace . . . . he quit disgust and left Chicago." The nplied threat was not carried out r a while, however; the *Herald and xaminer* continued to woo Chicago r almost another 20 years.

Another comment closed with the ur observation: "This is the last rawing. Our soldiers were drawn by t, but Christmas presents may not e."

The best brains of the Hearst buil-ing immediately went to work to nd a substitute method for cajoling eople to smile. By a complicated rocess of reasoning they tied in eir stand on the local traction situ-ion with their need to give away oney and announced that they ould give away thousands of dollars day to people who rode the street-ars, took transfers and smiled.

The procedure was a little cumber-me. Smile inspectors combed the reetcars each day looking for smiling assengers holding transfers; the *Her-ld and Examiner* then ran the num-ers of the transfers with some identi-cation of the passengers, who were pposed to come in to get their hecks.

Obviously the gimmick lacked the ld zing, because in a few days the per announced a $10,000 contest at involved identifying movie stars. y this time the Hearstlings were oundering wildly. In rapid succes-on they began giving away money r phone numbers, for automobile cense numbers and for names picked t random from the telephone book. ut it was never again the same. ■

CURRENT COMPLICATIONS ON THE SAME THEME

The basic ambiguity of the word "progress" is nowhere better illustrated than in the chronological development of the newspaper business.

Thirty-four years ago the morning papers clearly perceived that what the city needed was money, whereupon they provided it in the easiest and most entertaining manner.

Now another common decision has been reached, this time by all of the papers – the morning ones that come out in the evening and the afternoon ones that come out in the morning. They have determined that what the city needs is newspapers, and have proceeded to merchandise them by the most involved methods imaginable.

The contrast here is, of course, exaggerated. Then and now the papers were giving away money in order to get it back by expanding circulation figures for the delectation of advertisers.

But the emphasis was different in the old days. The *Tribune* and the *Herald and Examiner* turned out their pockets straightforwardly and competitively, deriving as much satisfaction from the prestige they gained as from the number of papers they sold because of the contests. And they provided an excellent sideshow of direct and implied repartee, for this was before the papers came under the domination of their society editors and stopped insulting each other.

Today's giveaways are anything but straightforward, every effort being made to force the alms seeker to bury his nose in this or that paper for an extended period in order to qualify for relief. And while the various sheets don't hesitate to copy each other's methods, they cheat the readers of the exchange of editorial barbs that ought to accompany such conflict.

The characteristics of today's philanthropic systems may be roughly scaled as follows: The *Tribune's* attract the most attention and best jokes. Those of the *Sun-Times* receive the most vigorous and implausible promotion. The ones in the *Daily News* are the least original but most commercially successful. Those in the *American* are the most disquieting and come closest to being in the simple old tradition.

The *Tribune's* Little Fooler is a crossword puzzle whose answers are short, common words not synonymous with "bitter vetch" or "North Malayan seven-toed frog." The Fooler fools folks by having a number of euphonious possibilities for each definition – hit, bit, sit, wit, lit . . . and that sort of thing. An author named Puzzled Reporter soothes the nerves of the contestants by giving them frequent reports on his own troubles in figuring out the weekly answers. A group of Little Fooler hard luck stories has grown up parallel to those of horse players. A man had one word wrong and had wanted to put in the right answer but his brother-in-law wouldn't let him, etc. The best observation on the puzzle was made, however, by "Mr. Waubuno" in the *Tribune's* own "A Line O' Type or Two": "The Little Fooler is improving. Last week he had only seven errors."

The recently completed Hit a Homer "contest" in the *Sun-Times* was actually an intricate guessing game involving the number of runs and home runs made in a week by baseball teams individually and collectively, or the number of pop flys hit to batboys in seventh innings, or something like that. The promotional stories were lavishly illustrated, and at points the photographs came dangerously close to tainting the whole business. A series of carefully staged pictures showed people who were in a position to determine the outcome of the diversion taking a pretty close interest in it. Six players and two officials from the Cubs' front office were supposedly talking about, reading about, or unsnarling the contest.

Recent *Daily News* pencil athletics have been Tangle Towns, a familiar scrambled spelling puzzle based on the names of Illinois municipalities, and Trix and Treats, essentially an imitation of the Little Fooler with drum-beating by the renowned writer, Mr. Trix, instead of Puzzled Reporter. Since the *Daily News* has been the only paper showing an upward circulation trend, it ought to be logical to conclude that T.T. and T. & T. have done their work well. In any case, the *News* derived specific benefit from the Tangle Towns puzzles. A man in New York took an ad offering a full list of Illinois cities and towns.

The *American* has more puzzles than anybody, and whether the daily one is the intermittent Lucky Bucks or the now departed Lucky Four You, it is distressingly compelling. A reader can flip past a puzzle in good conscience when he has the excuse that he lacks the time or skill to work it, especially in competition with thousands of other mendicants. But when the only effort involved is reaching in the pocket to check a number on a dollar bill, or a license, or a social security card or a key to the Gaslight club, the victim just has to be sure he isn't throwing away a hundred dollars.

The Monster in th

A sea serpent threatens ruin to the midland fishing industry

A vampire is a creature that sucks blood from the body of a living animal. Such monsters, it is comfortably supposed, do not exist outside of horror comics and ghost lore.

But 15 years ago a few members of an aquatic species of vampire migrated from the ocean into the Great Lakes. These individuals have now, without much publicity, multiplied into the millions and into a threat to all the other occupants of the lakes. The creature is the sea lamprey, which looks like an eel but lives the sinister life of a bloodsucker.

Trout are a lamprey's preferred prey because they are large enough to last for several bloody meals before they die, and because their delicate meat is easily penetrated by the lamprey's rasp tongue. Trout fishing in the Great Lakes used to be an $8 million a year industry, the richest part of it coming from Lake Michigan. Nine years ago, Lake Michigan yielded a catch of more than five and a half million pounds, but this year it was under 100 pounds. Lake Huron once supplied a normal annual catch of more than four million pounds; now it is a rare thing to catch a single trout there. The trout gone, lamprey have begun on walleyes, whitefish, perch, chubs and other food fish, threatening the existence of the lake fishing industry which once grossed $18,000,000 a year and gave employment to 40,000 men.

Finally roused, the governments of the United States and Canada last September signed a treaty to attempt to rid the lakes of lamprey. But the lamprey is tough, and the best guess of experts on the problem is that if sufficient funds are made available it might be possible to get lamprey out of the lakes in seven years. By then, the task of restocking the waters

The death wounds of these Great Lakes whitefish are the mark of the sea lamprey. Most fish are killed by the attack, but a few survive scarred tho unsalable.

ake

by Georg Mann

ith native fish will be a gigantic roject.

The nightmare creature reaches a ne- to two-foot length in a life span eight years. It looks like an ani- ated piece of garden hose, ending a sucking apparatus like a vacuum eaner. Sharp teeth in the flexible, wless mouth pierce a hole in the ctim fish's belly, and the tongue its inside to blood. Excellently quipped by nature for his lethal ork, a lamprey even uses his saliva, ntaining a chemical called lamph- din, to keep the fish's blood from otting and to help dissolve away the rn flesh. The lamprey sucks until is satiated, can hang on for a few ours or even as long as a week. sually the fish dies, altho many lam- rey-scarred fish have been brought p in the nets. In the 18 months two years that one adult lamprey ams the lake, it can destroy any- here from 20 to 40 pounds of the nest eating fish — not counting those makes unsalable.

Not only are the lamprey's table anners and appearance ugly, he is so a violent customer. Charles W. reasser of Wayne university, Detroit, tes examples of lampreys overtaking nd attacking motorboats traveling 15 iles per hour. Lacking fish for prey, ne lamprey will sink his teeth in ars, docks, as well as boats. Even vimmers aren't immune. One con- picuous attack occurred a year ago hen Toronto's Marilyn Bell (who onquered the English Channel this ear) was setting a swimming record cross Lake Ontario. She quickly rushed the attacker off. Fortunately r swimmers, lampreys are far less eadly to humans than they are to sh, tho extremely nasty.

What's more, the lamprey is a for- idable traveler, as shown by his ecord of invading the Great Lakes om the Atlantic ocean. First spotted land off Merlin, Ontario in 1921, mprey were seen off Sandusky, Ohio eight years later. Presumably they had moved up the St. Lawrence, by-passed Niagara falls thru Canada's Welland canal. Once inside the Great Lakes, the lamprey found a smorgasbord of tasty fish awaiting only the eating. By 1930, lamprey were reported at the St. Clair river off Detroit; by 1936 they appeared off Milwaukee. Ten years later Lake Superior reported its first lamprey.

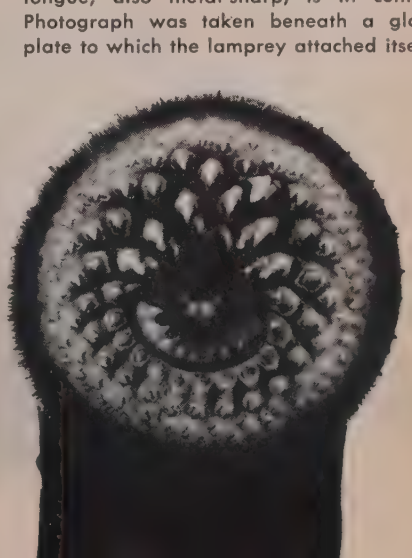
NOBODY KNOWS quite why they made the biologically difficult move from a life in salt water to a life in fresh water. One theory, which sounds plausible, is that they were fleeing the American eel, which finds baby lampreys a tasty morsel. Inside the lakes, only the shores and the bottom stopped them. Lamprey tagged and released at the northern tip of Lake Huron later turned up all over the lake. Lamprey tagged and released in the Cheboygan river in Michigan were later caught 150 miles away. As for depth, they have been reported at 65 fathoms in Lake Michigan and some of the other Great Lakes.

Moreover, altho the life cycle takes eight years, they breed fast. One check taken in Michigan reported that 85 per cent of the fish caught bore scars of lamprey attack. In another place, a single muskie has been reported caught with no less than 30 lamprey attached to its body. Attempts to trap lamprey in the streams where they spawn result in fantastic catches: 25,000 lamprey in one stream alone during a single spawning run. And this is just one of the thousand streams where lamprey can leave the Great Lakes and where they can breed their young, one of the 90 alone that serve as a lamprey lying-in hospital for Lake Michigan. One female lamprey can lay as many as 100,000 eggs, and one per cent of these are likely to hatch, which could mean an increase of 1,000 sea serpents over an eight-year period.

Commercial trout fishing is no longer a business in Lakes Huron and Michigan, and the Lake Superior trout are vanishing for the same reason. These losses do not reflect the fact that the sport of fishing for lake trout has almost been on a par with commercial fishing. The trout, in addition to being a delicacy, was a large-sized fish. The whitefish, equally tasty, has been affected to a lesser degree by the lamprey. And such staples of the Midwest table as walleyes, herring chubs, even bullheads and catfish, have been picked off by these eel-like parasites.

MORE DANGEROUSLY, the lamprey has begun to branch into the smaller inland lakes, creek and puddle-hopping in search of food. Nearly every stream running into the lakes from the state of Michigan has turned up evidence of the invader; at least five streams emptying into Lake Superior have also seen the scouts of the advancing horde. Two years ago, the lamprey was reported to have found its way

Mouth and teeth of mature sea lamprey show suction and rasp equipment; the tongue, also metal-sharp, is in center. Photograph was taken beneath a glass plate to which the lamprey attached itself.



The weir across Misery river in Ontonagon county, Michigan, is typical of electrical barriers that have been found most effective of the weapons tried thus far against lamprey.

into some 19 inland lakes in Michigan alone. Mullett lake, for example, is said to have been reached by lamprey moving up thru the Cheboygan river. Once established, the lamprey moved into smaller tributary streams to spawn, then returned to Mullet lake to spend its savage adult career. Lamprey have moved off Lake Michigan into Burns Ditch, which flows into the lake some nine miles east of the heart of Gary. From the ditch the lamprey could swim into the Little Calumet river, and from there into almost the entire inland waterway system of mid-America. In Wisconsin, the lamprey have been seen in the Door peninsula, in Hibbard's creek. More recent reports indicate that Michigan's Lake Charlevoix and Pentwater lake are also becoming infested.

A good many attempts have been made to curb the lamprey since 1946, when the size of the menace was first correctly estimated. Spearheading most of these attempts has been Mathon Kyritsis, of Waukegan. Kyritsis is head of the Illinois Commercial Fishermen's association, a long-time supporter of the Izaak Walton league, proprietor of both a fishing company and a highly successful sea food restaurant. If any individual deserves credit for the steps that have been taken against the lamprey, it is probably Kyritsis.

Some of the schemes haven't worked. A million Maine eels were shipped to the Great Lakes in 1949 with the hope that they would gobble down every lamprey in sight. The results were not encouraging. Then various laboratories tried to find a use for the lamprey, to make it a worthwhile catch. Lampreys have been used for food since long before Henry I died of a "surfeit of lampreys" in 1135. The flesh is white, is fairly palatable, but is digested with difficulty. Furthermore, cooking tests have failed to indicate much of a market because the lamprey's soft body is susceptible to fungus infection. A few years ago, Canadian scientists were hopeful of canning the lamprey for commerce, but these plans have not succeeded. The lamprey's vitamin A potency and its oil yield are both too low to tempt commercial extraction. Back in 1950, there were even reports that anti-submarine sound generators were to be tried against the lamprey, but that technique apparently was found to be unsatisfactory.

THE LAMPREY'S peculiarly sensitive sex life offers the biggest opportunity for a successful counterattack. Only as his days are drawing to a close, in the spring of his sixth or seventh year, does the lamprey, glutted with game fish, generate his young. His coat changes to a mottled brown, yellow and orange, and he leaves the waters of the lake to head upstream. Physically, both sexes undergo great changes at this time. The sex organs enlarge and the digestive apparatus all but withers away. As a result, if the lamprey is delayed on its upstream courting swim, it may well starve to death before producing any more of its evil kind.

To reproduce, lamprey require water temperatures up to 50 degrees —as opposed to the 40 degree temperatures that start the spawning journey. They prefer the gravel creek bed that is also the favorite of the rainbow trout. In this environment, the lamprey build their crescent-shaped nests and the female lays her eggs.

The young, tiny, toothless and blind are hatched and begin a downstream journey. Near the mouth of the stream, the young lamprey dig in burying themselves with their mouths level with the creek bed. There they spend four or five years sucking in the tiny plant and animal life moving over the stream bottom. At the end of this growth period, they may reach a length of six inches. At this stage they emerge from the stream bottom and head for the open lake, to embark on 18 months to two years of gluttonous predation.

THE VULNERABLE point in this life cycle, so the biologists figure, is the journey upstream to spawn. Traps and weirs have been tested to catch the honeymooning predators. Currently favored are electric weirs, which release regular 110 volt alternating current across the spawning stream. One pipe lies on the bottom of the stream and electrically charged pipes hanging from a cable are lowered into the stream vertically from above. The

weirs are good lamprey killers, but the U. S. Fish and Wildlife service warns that they contain a charge that could be dangerous to humans wandering into the electric field. In some places, two or more weirs are used, the first with a weaker charge warns off the game fish which are more responsive to electricity. The lamprey is oblivious to all but the final lethal dose.

The weirs work. As Lionel Walford, chief of Fishery Biology for the Fish and Wildlife service, recently told a Senate committee, "We are positive we can destroy the lamprey almost to extinction." But it takes time. Lamprey killed this coming spring wouldn't have produced offspring to kill fish until eight years from now and next summer's kill will come from lamprey bred seven years ago. Operated continuously over a decade, the electrical weirs should be devastating in their effect on the lamprey.

They should be—if enough streams are weired. Twenty-one streams into Lake Michigan, and 50 into Lake Superior, have already been weired by the United States; 68 are currently being built on Lake Superior. But the Great Lakes have two sides, and international cooperation between the United States and Canada is essential. Hence the reasoning behind the recently signed treaty, which creates a six-man international commission to master-mind the war against the lamprey. The U. S. alone wants to build an additional 159 weirs, and Canada will build some on its side of the lakes.

Cost of the program is scarcely outrageous in this age of "crash" millions sunk into H-bombs, guided missiles and earth satellites. The U. S. share is around two and a half million dollars the first year, a little more than half a million dollars a year thereafter.

What has already been accomplished looks hopeful. Kyritsis says, "Slight as it has been, the control program has helped immeasurably." He calls the treaty "the long overdue first concrete step to eliminate the sea lamprey." Scientists aren't satisfied. The weirs, useful as they are, are clumsy and expensive. Currently, biologists are seeking for some chemical that would poison the water for the lamprey but leave the game fish untouched.

At any rate, with the lovelorn lampreys being given the electrical hotfoot in increasing numbers, plans are being made to restock trout in the lake. This program is scheduled to begin next year. Within the next decade, boats again may be pulling into Illinois harbors as they did from the time of the Chicago Fire, their holds bulging with trout. ▬

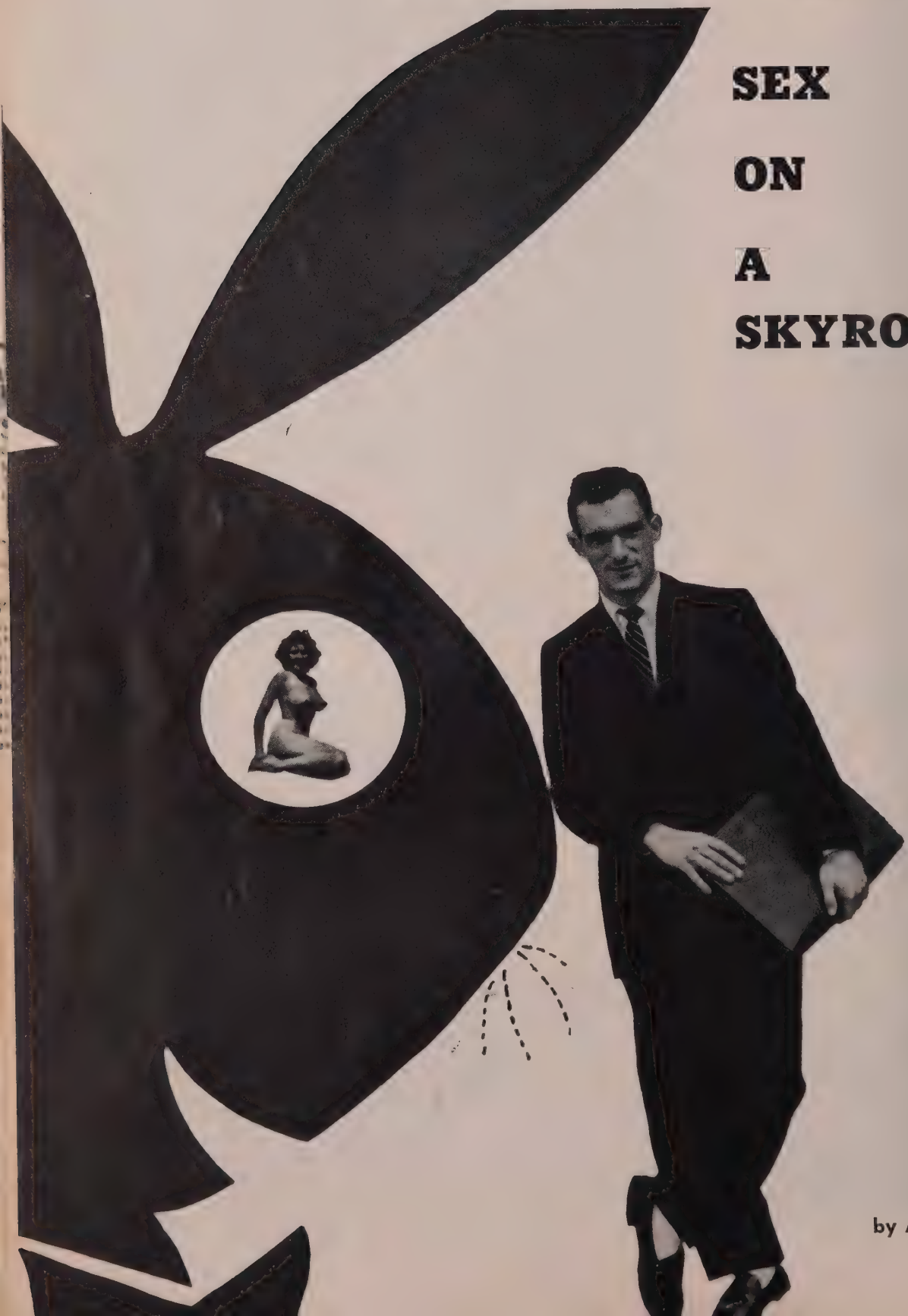
Picture credits: page 28, United States Fish and Wildlife service; p.29, top, International News Photos, bottom, U.S. Fish & Wildlife; p.30, U.S. Fish & Wildlife; p.31, United Press, U.S. Fish & Wildlife.

n Kyritsis, right, head of a Waukegan fishing ny and restaurant, has spearheaded fight t lamprey. With him is Frank Rackendorf, skipper of the "Mathon."

Sea lamprey caught during spawning season up the Sturgeon river in Delta county, Michigan. The wily serpent is comparatively uncatchable during its seven year life span in the big lakes, but in its last days climbs the rivers and streams to spawn and can be trapped.

PLAYBOY

SEX ON A SKYROCKET



by Alan Whitney

History's most expensive trip from here to New York was made early in 1952. The journey was taken by *Esquire* magazine, and it was rendered very costly not by what was taken along but by something left behind—a $60-a-week member of the circulation staff.

The cast-off cog was an introspective youth named Hugh Hefner who ranked as the Pepsi-Cola company's best customer, the most prolific autobiographer since Samuel Pepys and, potentially, the sharpest splinter ever inserted in *Esquire's* well-preened pelt.

Hefner, then 25, was also a promising circulation promoter, and it was not without reluctance that his embarking employers abandoned him on the left bank of Lake Michigan. He was offered a leg up to $80 a week if he would join the exodus, whereupon he asked for $85. After some consideration *Esquire* decided it couldn't find the extra fin.

Seldom has the lesson about foresight and hindsight been learned at such high tuition. About two years after *Esquire* had gone East, Hefner hatched a 50-cent monthly magazine called *Playboy*. Less than a biennium later *Playboy* was outselling *Esquire* on the news-stands and rapidly closing the gap in total circulation.

These days, as Hefner drives a Cadillac Eldorado to the Superior street seat of his skyrocketing project, he occasionally wonders what he would have done if *Esquire* had given the right answer to the $85 question. Altho the matter has not been covered by press release, it seems safe to assume that similar speculation sometimes occurs in the offices of the periodical now emanating from 488 Madison avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Hefner possibly has the ironic wage negotiations in mind when he describes *Playboy's* fantastic score as a "fluke." Actually, as he readily acknowledges, it has been the result of a carefully conceived plan and a daring gamble by a restless kid from the West Side with a strong drive to succeed quickly on his own terms.

Hefner started *Playboy* with a negative amount of capital and a very positive idea about where it would fit among the hundreds of magazines, many of them for men, that were already glutting the stands. Even by taking such steps as mortgaging his furniture, he was unable to raise enough money to meet all the costs of the first issue, and it had to be published partly on credit. He put his future in hock because he thought he saw an opening in the field thru which the right kind of new entry might bolt to substantial success.

As he puts it, "*True* had been the big post-war success among men's magazines, and all of the others had copied themselves after it. *Argosy, Saga, Stag, Men, Man's World* and the rest of them were all rural, outdoor books devoted to hunting and fishing and chasing the abominable snowman over mountain tops.

"None of these activities interested me very much, and I thought there ought to be room for a magazine for the young city-bred male—a sophisticated guy, intelligent if not intellectual, who finds most of his entertainment indoors."

THE ONLY magazine aimed chiefly at the urban male was *Esquire*, which Hefner had once regarded so highly that at the age of 15 he made up his mind to join the staff when he grew up. But by 1953, he says, "*Esquire* had chanaged. It wasn't the same magazine that had excited me in the early forties. I'm not saying it wasn't as good; in many ways it was better, but it had changed. Some of the spice was gone. Some of the original verve and vigor were missing. This wasn't really surprising. *Esquire* was 20 years old, and its editors and their tastes and interests were 20 years older, too. It seemed to me that here was a real opportunity — a magazine to replace the young *Esquire*."

Hefner entered the news-stand fray with weapons similar to those employed by *Esquire*, but he deployed them with a brashness and informality tailored to the young audience he was trying to conquer. *Playboy's* indoor entertainment recipe stressed such staple ingredients as good food, good drink, good jazz, good humor, good fiction and bad girls. The kind of material Hefner describes as "breezy" blew thru the early issues of the magazine like a gale, leaving on most pages a residue of cartoons, pictures, stories and jokes involving the young, city-bred female without her inhibitions and, in most cases, her wardrobe.

If sex was the backbone of the infant *Playboy*, reprints were its ribs. Leading writers, cartoonists and photographers appeared second-hand in the magazine from the beginning, giving it a stable of big names hired on a small budget.

A third congenital feature of *Playboy* was an expressive face. Unconventional use of art, type, page layout and color began with the first issue and broadened as the budget grew.

The shower of currency came quickly, tho not torrentially. Hefner's fraction-of-a-shoestring first issue made a small profit, enough to justify a second and more expensive one. Thru the first year receipts stayed close enough to disbursements to hold *Playboy's* deficit to $25,000 — a remarkably low figure for a major publication that neither solicited nor received any advertising.

While increasing revenue expanded

— Non content de m'avoir déshabillée du regard, il m'a passé moralement ses mains froides sur les fesses.

Cartoons in Playboy are many and, by American standards, risque (example, left). However, they fall short of many foreign counterparts in earthiness and, frequently, in wit. The European example at right is from Le Rire of Paris.

The men whose ideas guide **Playboy's** personality are Hefner and his art director, Arthur Paul. The sleekness that Paul has made a trademark of the magazine is based on consistently clean layout and the work of talented free-lancers.

Office decoration is receptionist, Marilyn McClintock, who is also cover decoration for this month's issue. The rabbit appears on all covers and as "the playboy of the animal world" is whimsical symbol of the magazine.

Playmate of the month for October gets speculative eye of Hefner and production manager, John Mastro.

otographs by Mike Shea
design by Joe Phelan

PLAYBOY

the art policy, it contracted the use of reprints and modified the erotic content. More and more space was devoted to original articles and cartoons, and to photographs made especially for *Playboy*. Eventually the magazine began buying stories fresh from the typewriters of the authors it had reprinted earlier. Sex was presented less profusely and more provocatively.

The first year's deposit of red ink dissolved fast when, at the end of last year, *Playboy* suddenly executed the feat known in the publishing trade as "catching on." The circulation graph began describing the trajectory of a pinched dowager, with the result that the magazine now has the highest news-stand sale of any periodical on the continent priced at 50 cents or more.

The pilot of this soaring vehicle is a gaunt, nervous, outspoken city-bred male about five feet, eleven inches tall with short, dark, coarse hair. His angular features usually have a solemn, almost haggard look, tho occasionally they break into a whimsical grin. He speaks rapidly and evenly, punctuating a robust dictionary vocabulary with contemporary slang. In conversation, his hands are usually still but he vents nervous energy by rolling his arms in their sockets and moving his feet around. Often his forehead wrinkles in a two-dimensional zig-zag pattern across his low eyebrows. A total abstainer from coffee and tobacco, he substitutes Pepsi-Cola at the rate of one or two dozen bottles a day.

Hefner's cozy adjustment to the free enterprise system is not without family precedent. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Hefner, both came from Nebraska farms. "My father was born in a sod hut and raised in a time when the Horatio Alger thing was a big bit," Hugh says, "and he's pretty much a bootstraps kind of guy. He's a C.P.A. and small business executive now."

The Hefners lived on the South Side when their two sons arrived, but they gave both of them names more redolent of London's East End. Hugh was born in 1926 and followed three years later by Keith. Hugh much prefers being called "Hef," and his brother is now known, professionally at least, as "Mr. Toby."

Says Hugh, "Both my brother and I were creative kids, interested in acting, writing and cartooning. Keith stuck with dramatics and graduated from the Northwestern speech school. Now he's the Mary Hartline of Baltimore. He plays the title role in *Mr. Toby*, the biggest children's television show there."

Before the boys reached school age, the Hefners moved out to the Mont Clare district on the West Side, where they still live. Hugh recalls that he "wasn't very outgoing" as a child, but he made his publishing debut at the age of ten by getting up a single-sheet typewritten newspaper and selling it to the other kids in the neighborhood for a penny a copy.

Around 1943, when he was at Steinmetz high, Hefner began compiling a running autobiography of cartoons, photographs and written material. He still keeps it up to date, and it now runs to 55 loose-leaf volumes.

SINCE THE biggest single object of *Playboy's* editorial attention has been girls, the reader who envisioned the chief playboy as a libidinous prodigy would be in a logically justifiable position—but a wrong one. "I became interested in girls about the same time my friends did," Hefner says, "but I didn't do very well with them at first. I wasn't aggressive enough.

"It was in the middle of my third year in high school that I came staggering out of adolescense, and had a pretty complete change of personality. I'd been interested in the girls for a couple of years, but now the girls became interested in me, and that made a lot of difference."

Fortified by his newly acquired confidence, Hefner became ubiquitously extracurricular. He even composed and sang a number of ballads of the moon-June variety for assorted girl friends. "I had a wonderful high school sort of time," he says.

Hefner graduated from Steinmetz in January, 1944, and joined the army a month later when he was still 17. He spent two uneventful years in infantry camps around the country.

"When I got out of the army in 1946, I felt pretty lost," he says. "I knew I wanted to get an education and then get married and have a family. Beyond that, I had an itch to something big, but I didn't know what it was. I was terribly restless."

Hefner entered the University of Illinois in the fall of 1946 and got a bachelor's degree in January, 1949.

"While I was in college I became a news-stand bug. I used to leaf thru all the magazines and keep track of what they were doing.

"When I got out of school I was ready to discuss editing and publishing jobs with the major Midwest magazines, but they didn't seem to be looking for 23-year-olds to handle those positions.

"I tried to get a job with *Esquire* — any kind of job — but there weren't any openings. I tried the newspapers, the trade magazines and the art and advertising agencies without success. I was engaged to be married in June to a girl I had gone thru high school and college with. I had to find some kind of job, and finally in April, out of sheer desperation, I took one for $45 a week in the personnel department of a carton company on the South Side. I hated it. As it turned out, my job was to get rid of Jews and Negroes and guys with long, foreign-sounding names who were looking for factory work. A real nice company.

"That was a rough summer. I got married in June and quit my job in September, a very unhappy and disgusted boy. I didn't go to work again for almost a year. My wife, Mildred, was teaching and she paid the bills. We were living in a small apartment over my parents' home on New England avenue. I drew up a couple of comic strips and tried to sell them. I showed them to a newspaper cartoonist, and he said something like, 'Get some other kind of job, boy.'

"I felt pretty defeated then, and I decided to go back to school, get master's and doctor's degrees and teach at the college level. I thought I'd do that to make a living and spend my spare time on the things I really liked. I enrolled at Northwestern in the spring of 1950, but one quarter convinced me that I wasn't going to be able to get back into the routine of studying."

In June Hefner got a job as men's store advertising copy writer for Carson Pirie Scott, this one at $40 a week. He joined *Esquire* six months later, quickly learning to pronounce its name with the accent on the second syllable.

Working on the periodical idol of his youth didn't still Hefner's "itch" to do something on his own, and while he was with *Esquire* he scraped together some money and sponsored publication of a paper-back book of his cartoons about Chicago called *That Toddlin' Town*. Five thousand copies were put on local news-stands and most of them sold. Hefner appraises the book as "a small financial success."

AFTER ESQUIRE left town, Hefner did circulation work for two small publishing houses, gradually reaching a $120-a-week salary.

By early 1953, when the outlines of *Playboy* were beginning to form in his itchy pysche, he was the father of a baby girl and tenant of a five-room apartment in Hyde Park.

The only trouble with Hefner's crystallizing idea for a men's magazine was that he had no money with which to carry it out. "I've always been a terrible business man," he says. "And if I were a better one I wouldn't

have a magazine today. I don't think I really believed when I began that I could put it over. But I knew that if I didn't try it then, if I waited and grew any older and wiser, I'd probably never have the guts to try it later."

Hefner reasoned that since he didn't have enough money to start a magazine, he would have to do it at least partly on credit. To get credit he would have to assure the creditors that there was a market for the publication among distributors. To get that market he would have to offer some strong selling points.

THE NUDE calendar pictures of Marilyn Monroe were the talk of the country at that time, but they hadn't been published in any magazine, except for a two-color reproduction in *Life* too small to be made out by myopic spinsters. Hefner's first big break came when he found a calendar publisher in Melrose Park who owned one of the pictures and was willing to sell it for $300, about one-fifth of what *Playboy* now pays for the "playmate of the month," the two-page color pin-up that appears in its center spread.

When he had the complete Marilyn and some name reprint stories lined up, Hefner wrote to distributors around the country, telling them why he thought the magazine would sell and asking for orders on a consignment basis. He hoped to get bids for 35,000 copies. As it turned out, he got twice that many.

Armed with these orders, he persuaded a printer to produce the magazine on 45-day credit. He still needed some working capital, however, so he incorporated the enterprise and sold stock in amounts of a few hundred dollars to relatives and friends. He gave shares to his photoengraver in return for six months' credit and made partial payment in stock to some of the artists who worked on the first issue. He used his furniture as collateral to borrow $500 from a loan company; then he went to a bank that didn't know about that loan and got another one for $300. He tried to get a loan on his car, but nobody was interested in lending money on a beat-up 1941 Chevrolet. By these various devices Hefner raised about $12,000.

This and the credit were enough to put out his first issue. At the same time, only a minority of the stock had been sold, and Hefner was able to retain the controlling interest in the corporation.

"We came out November 1, 1953, and held our breath," Hefner says.

Within a few months, however, he was able to exhale freely: "The first anniversary issue had a press run of 175,000. Then, at the end of 1954, things really began happening. The December issue sold 96.4 per cent and the next one, 93.3. Circulation started jumping furiously. We printed 260,000 copies in February, 350,000 in April, 400,000 in May. Our October press run is 500,000 and by December we expect to hit 600,000."

Hefner had put out the first three issues of *Playboy* from his apartment with a staff of two. He did all the editing and writing. The art director was and is Arthur Paul, a free-lance designer Hefner met shortly after he began planning the venture. "As soon as I walked into his studio I knew I wanted him to design the magazine," Hefner says.

In January 1954, *Playboy* rented office space in a remodeled four-story apartment building situated at 11 east Superior in a block otherwise occupied almost entirely by religious structures. At first the magazine had only the third floor, but as the staff expanded toward its present size of about 20, the others were taken over one at a time.

Once the magazine was established, Hefner was able to implement a more piquant handling of its erotic content, as he had planned from the beginning. Efforts were made to approach the undraped shape from new angles. In March last year a picture story showed how a sexy ad for Hartog shirts took form—the arrival of the model at the photographer's studio, her assumption of birthday garb, experimentation with various poses, the conception of the picture that was finally used in the ad.

Playboy's attempts to refine and personalize the pin-up reached their apotheosis last July with the appearance of the "office playmate." On page 26 a member of the magazine's staff, blonde Janet Pilgrim, was depicted at work before a typewriter. On page 27, she was shown discussing office business with Hefner. Across the next two pages she appeared in a state of decolletage not commonly associated with the Pilgrims.

Miss Pilgrim, Hefner says, is surprisingly efficient for a lady of her architecture. She also possesses a sly wit. On one wall of her office hangs a small modern painting in a white frame. When the frame is turned around, Miss Pilgrim emerges in her pristine playmate state.

As the nudes in *Playboy* became more imaginative, they also grew less numerous. The first issue displayed twelve female forms with little or no drapery; the second raised the figure to 13. The most recent one had only two. It is with no little professional pride that Hefner displays a copy of *Esquire* for the same month, pointing out that it contains more nudes than *Playboy*, and opining that his are in better taste.

"Around the end of last year," Hefner says, "*Playboy* was, depending on how you looked at it, the slickest of the breezy magazines or the breeziest of the slick ones. Now I think we're pretty well over the fence."

He is quick to add, tho, that sex will always be a primary ingredient of the magazine: "It's one of the things our guy is interested in, and there's no reason for us to apologize for it. Sex isn't dirty, and neither is it a sacred cow. Some people seem to think it's all right to joke about robbing a bank when you wouldn't actually do it, but they don't apply the same reasoning to adultery.

"The usual argument of would-be censors is that a particular magazine or book isn't suitable for the nation's youth. But the idea of bringing our literature and entertainment down to the level of twelve-year-olds is incredible. *Playboy* is aimed at, edited and priced for adults, and we don't think we can do an honest job of entertaining the literate urban male and still make the magazine right for the kiddies."

Playboy's adult male content has brought it in contact with the law on three occasions. Twice the city of Baltimore accused "Mr. Toby's" brother of publishing obscene material, and on both occasions the courts decided that he had not done so.

IT IS WIDELY believed that the January, 1955, issue of *Playboy* was suppressed by the Chicago police department, but that isn't exactly what happened. "One day last winter," Hefner said, "the censors called me in for a talk. They were friendly enough, but they spoke vaguely of some objections having been raised to the magazine. I told them that I could go to court and beat any attempt to suppress the magazine, but that I would prefer not to be associated with a lot of sensational publicity in the community where my family and friends live and where I expect to spend the rest of my life.

"This happened at a time when we were beginning to evolve more of a class magazine, and I told them I would like to have it judged on the basis of the forthcoming issues instead of the previous ones. They told me that if I would just hold up one issue the critics would probably be satisfied. I thought that over for a while and finally agreed to keep it off the stands here. We only sold it to people who came into the office

The censors hadn't even seen the issue that was held back."

The affluence that has since enabled Hefner to round some of the rough edges off the curves of the playmates has also made it possible for him to pay increasingly higher rates to contributors, and *Playboy* is now in a position to outbid most of the periodicals in the country for the material it wants.

The magazine operated for more than a year without any advertising, and has reached its present level of prosperity with only a few ads in each of the recent issues. Hefner, explaining his decision not to seek ads during the first year, says:

"We knew that at first we could have gotten only cheap ads out of keeping with the direction of the magazine. We decided to build a class magazine and then go after the better advertising accounts."

The magazine's advertising department is just getting fully organized, and Hefner hopes it will soon begin emulating the achievements of the circulation department.

Perhaps the surest indication that *Playboy* has arrived is the impending publication of at least three imitations. Hefner knows of two groups of sincere flatterers at work on the East Coast and one in the West.

HEFNER IS extraordinarily open in discussing his personal feelings, and he talks about his newly-acquired wealth with disarming candor. He's very conscious of it, but he doesn't try to pretend that he's used to it. "The contrast in my personal life now and two years ago is pretty remarkable," he says. "Then I was just a guy nobody had ever heard of, with some talent and no chance to use it. My bank account had often been as low as five or ten dollars. If the magazine hadn't succeeded, it would have taken me years to pay my debts.

"I still remember how I felt when I received the first check from an investor. It was for $2,000, the biggest single investment, and I walked around with it for a couple of days feeling like a very wealthy guy. Now checks for $20,000 and $30,000 pass thru here every week. We gross over $100,000 a month on our newsstand circulation.

"It's very nice to be loaded, but what really pleases me is the way it has happened. I'm my own boss and I'm doing a job I love and believe in. What's more, I haven't stepped on anyone on my way up. My staff is well paid and they believe in the magazine just as much as I do. I think that's one big reason for our success.

"It was early this year that I began to realize how much my life had changed. We went to New York in May and stayed in a nice hotel. I already had a '54 Studebaker sports car, and when we got back I picked up the Cadillac. People began recognizing me around the Near North Side, and it felt good to be something of a celebrity. From the time I left high school until the magazine succeeded, I was never a very happy guy. Now it's something like being in high school all over again, but on a much greater scale."

Analyzing *Playboy's* rise, Hefner says, "I don't think it could have happened anywhere but in Chicago. There's a tremendous supply of untapped talent here in creative lines. Writers and especially artists were willing to work for us for practically nothing until we were in a position to do better by them.

BASICALLY this is an escapist magazine. The world has plenty of very serious problems, but we don't attempt to solve them. If we have an editorial policy it's only by implication: 'Live and let live. It's a wonderful world and let's enjoy it.' It's a kind of argument for a liberal democratic society with emphasis on the freedom of the individual.

"*Playboy* isn't very serious, tho. In a sense it's a kind of spoof on the kind of life part of the reader would like to live. It offers him an imaginary escape into the world of wine, women and song. Then the other part of him says he has to go back to his family responsibilities and his work.

"We're out to make this the best men's magazine ever published in the United States. I think we can do it in two years.

"I don't think our success so far has been based on sex—there are a lot of sexier magazines. I don't think it has been based on literature—there are a lot of more literary ones. I think we've been able to do what we set out to do. We've reached the young city man in a way that makes him feel a real identification with the magazine.

"I've always edited the magazine for myself, on the assumption that my tastes are pretty much like those of our readers. The concept of the magazine should grow and broaden with me."

Hefner's estimate of the rapport that exists between himself and his clients was recently confirmed by statistics. A survey indicated that the magazine's typical reader, like the publisher, is a 29-year-old male with a college degree, who has a job of a professional nature. ■

Janet Pilgrim, of the magazine's circulation department, was "office playmate" in a sultry July issue (below) and one of the first examples of Hefner's subtler-than-nude sirens. She is still in the circulation department in spite of her subsequent fame, and is booked to model for the December playmate feature.

Early Jazz Stands

by Bernard Asbell

Royal Gardens Perhaps the greatest night in the life of jazz was July 8, 1922, when a chunky young man got off the train from New Orleans at Twelfth street station, carrying a bulging satchel and a cornet case. In his pocket was a telegram from Joe Oliver, the jazz band leader everybody called the "King." The young man reporting for work was Louis Armstrong, and he went to Royal Gardens, the peerless temple of hot music at 35th and Rhodes. Where weeds flourish now a thousand frolickers could fit into the old hot spot. Some clustered at tables near the bandstand. Others in the crowded balcony leaned over and their drinks spilled on dancers below. From the stand, the King's men might knock out their listeners with a solid half hour of **High Society**, end it with a jolt and Joe would look down at the wide-eyed audience, wink and say, "Hotter than a forty-five." At one of the special tables reserved for musicians who came to listen and learn, Leon Rappolo, clarinetist of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings playing at the Friar's Inn, would jot furtively on his cuff every time he heard something new. Oliver's men tore the tops off all their music so nobody could see what they were playing.

lovers may not be sure
e their music is going, but
know where it's been

graphs by Don Bronstein

The Big Grand When jazz bucked the prevailing currents and made it up the Mississippi river, it stopped here first — in 1911, debuting with a group calling itself the Original Creole orchestra. Fred Keppard, a disciple of Buddy Bolden, was featured on cornet. The proud palace of vaudeville stands stubbornly at 3110 south State where even a parking meter looks lonesome.

e Rendezvous Here, Bix becke worked his first regular o job in Charlie Straight's or-. He lived a few doors away at enzi hotel. The kid from Daven- who couldn't read music, could band together and make it play ts own head. He was so well members of the band kicked portions of their pay to Straight er Bix's salary. When Bix found bout this financial arrangement, quit the band and left town.

The 3 Deuces Where the Shangri-La restaurant now sits in imitation Oriental splendor, a not so hush-hush speakeasy thrived in the late twenties. It was a no-knock place offering Burnett's White Satin gin in a cellar with cement walls. Now the cellar is the Shangri-La kitchen, but then it was often full of the greatest jazzmen of the day. Al Capone owned an infamous and joyous joint called the Four Deuces on Wabash avenue, so the State street cellar was tagged the Three Deuces. Music lovers bought their booze on the street level floor and wandered below to find Bing Crosby brushing away on drums, Bix Beiderbecke caressing a piano keyboard, Jimmy McPartland laying aside his trumpet to blow Bix's favorite Bach horn, the Dorsey brothers, Joe Sullivan, Gene Krupa. At dawn, Eddie Condon always stumbled out in time to buy a bottle of milk from the wagon on his way home.

Paradise When Bessie Smith to town one spring, a collection of en went to 35th and Prairie to hear ng in "a battered joint with the s off," as one of them described it. the place is devoted partly to put- buttons back on. Bix Beiderbecke his pockets inside out, put all his on the table to keep Bessie singing.

Okeh Studios To get what was new in jazz, the recording industry found it had to come to Chicago. Okeh records engaged the studio of the Consolidated Talking Machine company, on the second floor of 229 west Washington. The space now is the office of Klein's sporting goods stores. To this loft, Louis Armstrong traveled from the South Side with Kid Ory, Johnny Dodds, Johnny St. Cyr and Lil Hardin Armstrong to etch his classic Hot Five records. In it, Jelly Roll Morton and Bix Beiderbecke played some of their best music. One morning eight local youths assembled for a session which caused cultural explosions in New York. Jimmy McPartland, Bud Freeman, Frank Teschmaker, Joe Sullivan, Jim Lannigan, Eddie Condon and Gene Krupa stood on soap boxes in the studio for their debut on talking machine records with **China Boy** and **Sugar.** For that music, a new term was invented: "Chicago-style jazz."

Elite No. 1 This spot, at 3028 south State, was typical of the smaller South Side places where Negro jazz of the twenties was sounded. Some of it formed into a tradition, some of it failed. Other places along State and down 35th were the Plantation, Dreamland, De Luxe, New Orleans Babes and Apex.

Friar's Inn The toughest bouncers in town worked at the Friar's Inn, a cellar beneath the northeast corner of Van Buren and Wabash, where Al Capone and Dion O'Banion were regular patrons, stuffing hundred-dollar bills into the horns of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. A group of rising jazz makers came to listen. Jimmy McPartland recalls, "We were too young to get in so we'd go down and stand in the doorway. It was great when someone opened the door and we could hear the music louder." Inside, the musicians clowned among themselves — a favorite trick was putting oil of mustard on each other's chairs. When the Rhythm Kings took to the road, Bill Paley's band took over. One night, the place was empty except for a gathering of some tough North Side mobsters. One of them was bothered by a beam of light reflecting off Jim Lannigan's bass. He took out a revolver and drew a careful bead: the gun banged, the wood ripped and the gangster roared with delight. He'd caught the big viol right in the seam and split it in two. "All right, how much?" he called out. Lannigan, trembling, figured quickly. He'd paid $225 for his instrument but it was a steal. "Eight and a half," he quavered. The gunman peeled $850 off a roll and tossed it to Lannigan.

ISAACS
THE BIBLIOMANIAC

a short story by

Harold U. Ribalow

I first met Isaacs when my father brought him to our house to examine our library.

As my mother hung Isaacs' hat and coat, my father drew me aside and whispered, "This is a very interesting man, Harry. Watch him and see."

"What's so special about him?" I asked, whispering conspiratorially.

"He's a bibliomaniac. He's drunk with love for books. When he heard I have a big library I had to bring him home with me," my father said.

By this time, Isaacs was in the library with my father and me. Because my father was an editor, I was accustomed to meeting eccentric people as well as famous writers. I was ten years old at the time, but I have never forgotten Isaacs. He was huge, about six feet four, shabbily dressed, with buck teeth yellowed by nicotine and with black, unruly hair. He spoke in a hoarse, loud voice and his Yiddish was fluent, tho interspersed with many English words.

"Aha! Katz," he said to my father heartily, "I see you do have books!" He proceeded to pick them, one at a time, from the shelves, to examine the binding, to check on the year of publication. When he came across bound editions of early 20th century Hebrew periodicals, he fondled them a while and turned to my father. "I wish I had this," he said, envy coloring his voice.

Before the evening was over, Isaacs had looked at most of the books in the library. They were Hebrew volumes, not scholarly or religious tomes, but novels and poetry by contemporary Hebrew writers. Today those books are worth a good deal more than they were then, but even 20 years ago it was quite a collection and Isaacs enjoyed handling and scanning it.

drawings by Claes Oldenburg

He stayed for tea, talked briefly as he wolfed down cookies with his tea, in a glass, of course. Then he left, and I was able to learn more about him.

"Isaacs," my father said, speaking comfortably from his chair near his desk, "is the kind of man you don't meet very often, Harry." I had the impression that my father wanted me to appreciate him. I couldn't. To me he seemed to be an ugly, dirty man who had no interest other than books. At ten, how important can books be?

"What else does he do, besides read books?" I asked.

"He collects them," my father said. "He reads them and he loves them." He chuckled as he spoke. "Do you know," he said, "he isn't married and when he isn't reading he's at the movies?"

"A man like that goes to the movies?" I marvelled. Middle-aged, Yiddish-speaking, Hebrew-reading Jews didn't go to the movies, unless Disraeli was portrayed in a picture about the Rothschilds. I knew that before I was permitted to see a movie I had to work hard to persuade my parents that the picture was not a waste of time and that it wouldn't harm me. I

remember the only time I had no trouble with them about the movies was when I wanted to see *The Cossacks*. It was written by Tolstoy and I remember my mother saying, "How could it be bad? Tolstoy was a great writer, a great Russian writer. Let the boy go." So I was permitted, without having to indulge in tears or tantrums.

But Isaacs, it turned out, went to the movies. Already, I liked him better. He seemed human, a little like me.

"What does he see?" I wanted to know.

My father laughed out loud when he answered. "Mickey Mouse," he said. "He likes to see those Disney cartoons and he also likes to go to the newsreel theaters to see the news and other cartoons." It sent my father into gales of laughter, but I understood Isaacs. I liked Mickey Mouse, too, altho I was not permitted to waste my time seeing the newsreels.

THE NEXT TIME Isaacs came to the house, I became friendlier with him. He was just as sloppy as before. I noticed, too, this time, that he spewed when he spoke and that his mouth was misshapen, apart from having buck teeth. The inside of his jacket was held together with a large safety pin, and I felt sorry for him. He talked incessantly about books and their writers. He admired Bialik and Schneour and the other good Hebrew poets and liked to hear my father talk about them, for when he was in Russia he had met them and knew them fairly well.

Isaacs was cognizant of my presence and asked me if I read. For a young boy, I suppose I read more than others and he was delighted to hear that. When he left, my mother said, "It's a shame he's not married. He's so lonely. Maybe that's why he goes to the movies so much."

"He's too ugly," I offered, with the cruelty of youth. "Who would marry him? Besides, what does he do for a living?"

"He sells books, when he can break his heart to get rid of them. And don't talk about looks, Harry. A man's looks are unimportant. What he is is important. Am I handsome? And look how pretty your mother is!" This was one of my father's favorite refrains, to which I did not have to reply.

One day, however, my father grew angry over something he suspected Isaacs of doing. "He was in my office," my father told my mother, "and after he left a new book from Palestine, poems by Shimonowitz, was missing. I think he took it." He sounded certain and was incensed. My mother tried to calm him.

But it did not stop him from visiting with us. We never mentioned the book to him. My mother had done a good job on my father, and he was friendly as he had always been. But the next time Isaacs came, he was drunk. I had never seen a Jew who was drunk. I had heard that Jews drank wine, but were not like the *goyim*, all of whom, I was assured time and again, got drunk regularly.

But Isaacs was a Jew and he was drunk. He entered the house and his ugly face was distorted into a grimace, as tho some unseen devil were pinching him, pursuing him, taunting him. He stumbled about and then sat down heavily on the sofa in the library. My mother grew pale and vanished into the kitchen. I wanted to sit in the library with Isaacs and my father, but I saw my father wave me away, so I peered thru the curtain on the French door and heard them talk.

I was shocked to discover they were talking about women. It was a subject I never heard my father talk about with anyone. "I can't stand it any more," Isaacs said, and tears streamed down his face. "I love books; I buy them and sell them and keep them and read them. But I want a home, too. Do you think I like sitting in the movies all day and half the night?" He rose and stood on shaky legs. His large body towered over my father and I was, for a moment, afraid that he would strike at my father, but my father sat quietly, so I remained frozen at my post near the door.

"I'm ugly!" Isaacs shouted. "I know it. I have no money and I have no friends. But I want a wife!" He sounded hysterical and my father said something to him in a low voice, probably assuring him that he would marry and that he was not ugly. After all, my father always said a man's looks were not important. Only a woman, he would say, looking at my mother, had to be attractive.

WHEN ISAACS WENT away that night, he was sober and we never again saw him drunk. But we also saw less of him. He came once in a while, pinched me, and made small talk. He still took tea with us – in a glass – and admired my father's library, which was continually growing larger. But he came less often and seemed more and more depressed each time I saw him.

Then one day my father came home and told us, "Isaacs was married yesterday. I just found out about it."

My mother was happy to hear the news. "Who married him?" she asked. I remember my having said that he was ugly and my father having replied that a man's ugliness is trivial. I felt that perhaps I did not understand life.

"A decent enough woman. A school teacher, I think," my father added. "I wonder," he mused, "if she likes books."

"She'd better," I said. "I never saw or heard of a man who liked books as much as Isaacs does."

Song, after Rilke

It is time Lord for the summer has gone
on and gone on.
Lay your shadow
upon the sundial
and in the field let the wind blow free.

Command the last fruit ripen
and bow the vine. With perhaps
two
sun warm days more
to force the last sweetness in the heavy wine.

He who has no house will not build one,
who is alone
will stay long alone will
wake up read write long letters walk
in the streets by, and by again,
when the leaves blow.

– John Loga

My mother looked at me fondly. I hope, Harry," she said softly, "that when you grow up, you'll appreciate books too, especially Poppa's library."

I smiled at her, but privately doubted that anyone could love books the way Isaacs did.

When we saw Isaacs now, at Zionist meetings or at the Jewish summer camps we used to go to, he seemed more formal and ill at ease. His wife was a dumpy, proper little woman and I couldn't get used to him being with her. I never asked, but I had the impression that she ran him and did not care much about books. She was buxom and, when I first saw him with her, he looked at her adoringly. The look of loneliness was gone. I also heard that he stopped going to the movies, but was still in the book business.

Soon after my Bar Mitzvah — Isaacs did not come, but he sent me three very beautiful books, with color plates, from Palestine — my father told my mother that Isaacs had come to his office and seemed unhappy.

"I'm not sure what it is," my father said, "but he told me that he's drinking again. I think she wants him to sell more books and that he wants to sell only enough to keep them alive." My father laughed softly. "She reads best sellers and doesn't like the idea that he's a Jewish bookseller. I think maybe Isaacs made a mistake."

One day, or rather one evening, Isaacs came to our house unexpectedly. My father was not home, but my mother and I were. He came in hesitantly and smiled sheepishly. "Is your father here?" he asked me in halting English. For some reason he addressed me as tho I were an Anglo-Saxon. He knew I spoke Yiddish but he always used English when he talked with me. I told him that my father was still in the office. My mother offered him a glass of tea, but he refused. Instead, he asked if he could talk with me. I said of course, and we went into the library, the same room in which we had so frequently sat, the room in which I saw him break down and tell my father he was a lonely, unhappy man. I felt odd, sitting along with him, but I was past 13. I knew that I was on the way to manhood, even if, in spite of my Bar Mitzvah speech, I was not quite a man yet.

"Tell me," Isaacs began tentatively. "You're an American boy, from a good home" — and he waved at the books surrounding us — "tell me, Harry, is there anything wrong in selling Jewish books? Do your friends think there is any difference between a man who sells Jewish books and one who sells the books by Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser?"

I was sure there was no difference between one bookseller and another, so I said so. "Of course not, Mr. Isaacs. Books are books." I was then unable to repress myself. "Why," I said, "I never saw anyone who loved books the way you do. Or knew them as well. Why should you feel that selling Sholom Aleichem is any worse than selling Sinclair Lewis?" I was growing angry that he thought less of himself than the pasty-faced clerk three blocks away who lent out books to the ladies in the neighborhood who wanted to keep up with the latest fiction. "Why, Mr. Isaacs . . ." I began, but I saw him rise, his shoulders sag. He whispered, "No, Harry, I don't think I'm worse, but . . ." and he turned around and walked out, scarcely saying good-by to my mother.

I NEVER SAW him again because that summer, about three months after he talked with me, he died of a heart attack while sitting in a movie theater. My father told us about it, his voice breaking. "I'm going to a funeral tomorrow, to Isaacs' funeral," he said. When we asked what happened, he told us. Isaacs had died in a theater, sitting alone. His wife was at home. The funeral was being arranged not by the wife but by the Hebraists who bought books from Isaacs and from whom he bought books.

Two days after the funeral, Mrs. Isaacs, the school teacher, began to sell his books, cheaply, indiscriminately. She sold them all in less than a month and went to Chicago. I heard later that she had remarried. My father bought some of Isaacs' books. They are still in his library. I look at them every day and they remind me of Isaacs, just as the rest of the books remind me of my father. Maybe you have to be a book lover to understand a man like Isaacs, or why my father spent so much time with him. But I can't seem to forget him — the ugly, seedy, hulking man, the one my father said was a bibliomaniac. ■

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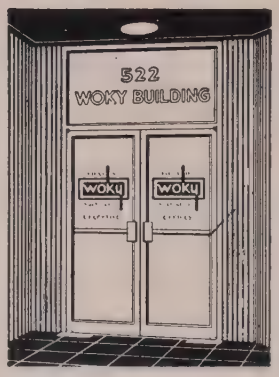

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OPEN DOOR POLICY IN SPRINGFIELD

Once a week Governor Stratton is lawyer, doctor, counselor and clergyman to all comers

by Tom Littlewood

A ruddy-faced man with traces of clay soil on his overalls sat down nd unfolded a large chart. Overhead vere twelve cheerful cherubs. Across he polished table was the governor f Illinois.

"Now, Bill," said the man, "this ells the story better than I can."

The governor got the pitch. Another Thursday, another open house day in he statehouse, and this was another llinois Republican who had election igures proving that Pleasant town-hip in X county turned out in a big vay for Bill Stratton back in '52. The isitor, No. 103 on this particular day, vas a farmer who thought Pleasant ownship's performance merited him state job—"maybe some kind of a pecial assistant."

Stratton said, yes, Pleasant town-ip indeed has done a magnificent b for the Republican party. But the idget, you know, won't permit as any special assistants on the gover-or's staff as perhaps we might like. wo minutes later, No. 103 was on s way back to X county, still a aypan farmer, but several shades ppier because he'd just had a down-earth chat with the governor.

No. 104 moved into the chair . . . a ft-speaking, nervous woman . . . s a son in a mental hospital . . . esn't belong there . . . forehead peared bruised last visitor's day . . . n't you do something?

This all started with a campaign mise to devote "a day to the ople." For three years on a weekly hedule, Stratton has patiently ex-sed himself to any of the state's nine million inhabitants. At governors' conferences, his colleagues rib him for suggesting such zaniness to people of their own states.

Visitors meet the governor on a first-come, first-served basis. There is no screening; no questions are asked. The room looks like a doctor's office as 75 to 200 persons advance clockwise around it, chair to chair, gradually nearing Stratton. They are job-seekers, disgruntled state employes and citizens who can't get action from state departments. Some just want to say hello.

A woman wants the city dump moved farther from her house. A farmer wants a draft deferment for his son. A young weeping wife wants a parole for her convict husband. An elderly couple wants old-age assistance.

Stratton dictates on-the-spot memos to one of four stenographers who sit by him. A department head stays close by his office on this day. He might get a visitor with a personal note from the governor. Another di-

rector may get a phone call from the boss. Still another may get a request for a personal report.

Some department heads fail to appreciate all this fuss when 95 per cent of the callers might be crackpots and job-scroungers. Memos circulate like valentines in the third grade.

The governor's political adversaries call the open houses an obvious public relations gimmick. They contend that in his 41 years William Stratton of Morris has learned to overlook few shrewd angles, that he incubates ideas around the clock to "sell" Stratton and his accomplishments. In the bathtub, the governor recently thought of distributing maps to reporters showing his widespread travels, to illustrate his "closeness to the people."

Stratton normally is tucked away in the northeast corner of the second floor of the statehouse. His large outer office, where open houses are held, is surrounded by paintings of bearded past governors.

Stratton's chair is wheeled out from his inner office on open house days. His green desk blotter pad, pen set and nameplate come, too. Behind him are set the national and state flags—"to make it look official," explains an aide. With stacks of yellow memo pads headed "Executive Department," the chief takes his place about 9:30 a.m. If the crowd is heavy, he returns after an hour-and-a-half lunch.

Much of the business is brought by what Stratton calls "road delegations" — community groups wanting new highways built or old ones repaired. One day a farmer came with an air of hopelessness. He had been trying for ten years to get the state to repair a road running past his farm. The road bank blocked his drainage system. He'd been shunted from engineer to engineer, filled out form after form and told that the situation would be taken up with the proper authorities. Stratton lifted his phone, got the chief state highway engineer, and within an hour a road grader was on its way. Stratton makes an effort to get an immediate answer, even if the answer is no. When a complaint involves a federal agency, he sends off a letter. He has found that even an iceberg of federal impassiveness melts under a governor's signature. On patronage matters, a talk with the governor himself is considerably more soothing to a small-bore politician — even tho no more successful — than begging from a township committeeman.

Some Thursday requests are less weighty. A state employe wants a transfer so he won't have to work Sundays. A woman wishes to suggest a flower to be planted along state highways. Last month's successful open house job seeker is back again: he wants a raise. A woman announces she is a great-great-grandniece of Lincoln and thought the governor would like to know. A teen-ager wants an autograph. A woman comes rattling two bullets in a bottle. They were dug out of the body of her late husband and she wants the governor to help find the killer. Stratton must be lawyer, doctor, marriage counselor and clergyman.

He professes to enjoy all of this. He says it keeps him in touch with reality, gives him a personal opportunity to find out what people have on their minds. And it keeps his subordinates on their toes because it provides a ready way to check how his departments are operating. Politically, he thinks the program will give him a boost.

Stratton has a knack for turning a problem into a conclusion that "all is well—things aren't as bad as they seem." It often works with reporters who walk into press conferences ready to nail him to the statehouse dome and come out with the nebulous impression that his administration is accomplishing marvels. It works, too, in conferences of party leaders. And, of course, it is made to order for his open house.

Fantasy for October 12

by Robert Bendiner

(Seated at the center of a long able is Admiral Christopher Columbus, just returned from the first of his trans-Atlantic voyages. He is flanked on one side by reporters for the Madrid Tribune *and the Barcelona* Spaniard, *on the other by newsmen for the Valencia* Sun Dial-Times *and the Imperial Broadcasting company, the network that sponsors and airs the show. At one end of the table sits Guillermo Rayo, the moderator, who introduces the company and invites them to fall to).*

COLUMBUS:
Thank you, Senor Rayo. I'm certainly glad to see you and my other friends here again. Frankly, I wasn't at all sure I would.

MADRID TRIBUNE:
Admiral, does that mean you weren't sure the world was round — that you spent two million maravedis of taxpayers' money just to find out?

COLUMBUS:
Now, now, I didn't say that. In fact, I had every confidence in that big demonstration I did the last time we met. But I do feel that the expedition has proved my theory about the world's shape.

BARCELONA SPANIARD:
Some of our political figures have been referring to that theory as "globaloney," Admiral. Would you care to comment on that?

COLUMBUS *(with a wink)*:
They must have been reading those editorials in the Madrid *Tribune*.

MADRID TRIBUNE:
I take it, Admiral, you are referring to the ones that advocate a Spain First policy. Do you think it's right for this country to scatter its wealth all over the world when some people right here at home can't buy a ticket to a bullfight?

COLUMBUS:
Wait a minute, wait a minute. That doesn't sound like a question, but I'd like to say, first, that my expedition was *not* financed by taxpayers' money at all. It was financed, as I think you know very well, by Queen Isabella's jewels, which she—

MADRID TRIBUNE:
And who paid for the jewels, Admiral? How long can this country go on pouring the queen's jewels down these rat-holes on the other side of the ocean?

COLUMBUS:
In my opinion, gentlemen, we'll get back the investment a thousand times over in the years ahead. This was just a preliminary trip, of course, but we expect to go back. Everyone knows that the Indies are full of gold —

VALENCIA SUN DIAL-TIMES:
Are you saying, Admiral, that the real purpose of the expedition was to get gold for the royal court, and not to advance the cause of science?

COLUMBUS *(mopping his brow)*:
Well, both, you might say. We had the highest motives in making the trip. but naturally we expect it to pay off, too.

IBC:
To change the subject, Admiral, you say everyone knows that the Indies are full of gold. I suppose you know that the Spanish Geographical society has some doubts as to whether you really reached India. What proofs have you?

COLUMBUS:
I brought back Indians, didn't I?

IBC:
You call them Indians, Admiral, but some people are saying you didn't get to India at all — that you discovered America instead and bol-

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lixed up the whole world political picture. How do we know these gooks you brought back aren't just Americans?

COLUMBUS:
I maintain that I merely found a new sea route to India, but if some of our learned scientists think I discovered America — that's not bad, either. I'm willing to leave it at that.

VALENCIA SUN DIAL-TIMES:
Admiral, the Committee for Castilian-Muscovite Friendship issued a statement yesterday to the effect that Russians discovered America 200 years ago. How about that?

COLUMBUS:
I believe that committee is on the Inquisitor-General's list, isn't it?

VALENCIA SUN DIAL-TIMES:
I'm not answering the questions, Admiral, you are. Do you mean you can't answer?

COLUMBUS:
I can answer anything you can ask, but I don't think this is the place for that sort of thing.

MODERATOR:
Please, gentlemen, let's try to keep this impersonal.

VALENCIA SUN DIAL-TIMES:
All right, then, Admiral. If you *were* in India, how about the Indian question?

COLUMBUS:
I can only say at this time, gentlemen, that India is not ready for independence.

MADRID TRIBUNE:
To get down to something important, Admiral, what do you think of Indian women? How do they compare with our Spanish girls?

COLUMBUS *(visibly relaxing)*:
No one can compare with our Spanish girls, gentlemen—except maybe French girls — but that's off the record.

BARCELONA SPANIARD:
Admiral, what effect do you think your voyage will have on the international political picture?

COLUMBUS:
I think it means peace, gentlemen —we have made a great stride toward world peace and understanding.

CHORUS:
How?

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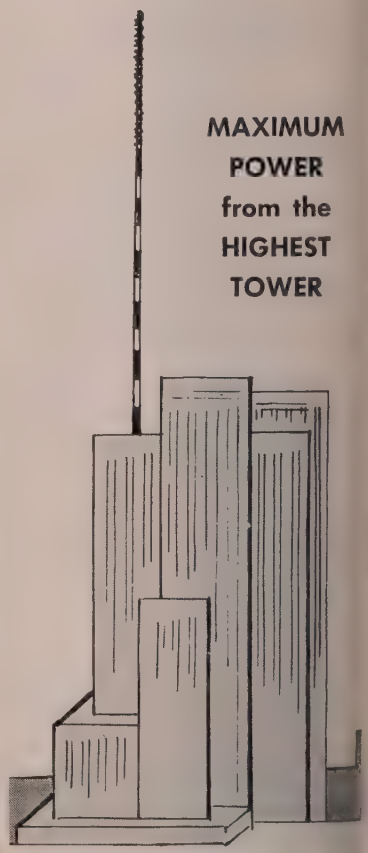

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COLUMBUS:
Well, for one thing, by getting there first we got the jump on some of these other nations that would have used the achievement for aggressive purposes.

VALENCIA SUN DIAL-TIMES:
Would you comment, Admiral, on the charge that your crew came close to rebellion on account of poor food and working conditions?

COLUMBUS:
It was a long trip, of course, and naturally some of the boys got a little restless and wanted to turn back. We dropped a couple overboard and the situation cleared up nicely. But that's a matter for the ship owners and the maritime unions to work out, and I'd rather not comment on it while negotiations are in progress.

MADRID TRIBUNE:
Could you tell us what Queen Isabella said when you reported to her the other day?

COLUMBUS:
Why, uh — I don't think it would be right for me to quote the queen. We had a very cordial talk — nothing political.

MADRID TRIBUNE:
Well, isn't it true, Admiral, that King Ferdinand wanted to know when you planned to get the queen's jewels out of hock?

COLUMBUS:
I might say, in answer to that question, that I have only the greatest admiration for His Majesty. In fact, both Their Majesties had faith in me when most of the press — I'm not blaming you gentlemen, of course, but your publishers — were saying I was mad and why didn't I go back where I came from. Now, I think this is a very fine program. The people *ought* to know just what's going on. So, you see, I have every reason to be grateful to our king and queen, and I say, long may they live!

MADRID TRIBUNE:
That's fine, Admiral, but the question was—

MODERATOR:
I'm terribly sorry, gentlemen, but that's all we'll have time for. Thank you, Admiral and members of the panel, for being with us today and clearing up so many pressing questions. I hope our audience will be with us again next week, when our old friend Inquisitor-General Torquemada will be with us at the royal *Citadel Desk.*

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The daughter of a Syndicate man pleads his case

In Defense of a Gangster

by Lorraine Caldwell

The underworld is indeed a world. It has its own speech, its own economics, its own systems of moral values and social status. It is a culture.

Most writing about the underworld implies a promise which seldom is kept: the promise to expose the key personality, the strategic connection thru which the underworld contaminates "decent" society.

This story implies no such promise. It is a description of one somewhat obscure hoodlum whose chief distinction is his very typicality as "one of the boys." The description is hardly an objective one for it is set down by his own daughter who, admittedly, is out to prove a case for her father. So her story becomes more than just an intimate look at the private life of a hoodlum. It is a description, too, of the teller, one of that uneasy collection of souls at the shadowy edge of the underworld, not really wanting to go in but not quite knowing how to get out: the children of the Syndicate.

This is truly her own story. The incidents and thoughts are all hers and so is much of the phraseology, drawn from her in a series of interviews.

No attempt was made to alter Miss Caldwell's version of certain basic facts about her father. At the end of the article, information from other sources is presented which helps give a perspective to Miss Caldwell's story.

—B. A.

A few weeks more than 35 years ago in a frame house on Parrish avenue in East Chicago, Indiana, my mother, married for just a year, waited for me to be born.

She was 22 and timid. My father was 23 and a smart-aleck. He had courted my mother by whistling at her on the street corners of East Chicago. Because of her refined background, this was a habit she couldn't stand. He had all the makings of a hoodlum and she knew it, but she couldn't help loving him.

During the first year of their marriage, my father took a job in the steel mill. Caught between the heat and the heavy lifting, he was crushed. At least that's how he felt. Many times my mother told me how he'd come home and throw himself on the kitchen floor. He'd moan and scream about the torture of the steel mill. Then he'd holler about how much he was doing for her.

One afternoon he came home and didn't scream. He simply told my mother he had quit the mill. He vowed he would never work another day of his life. There were better and easier ways, he told her, and he was no sucker.

That night my mother went into labor and I, the only child she ever had, was born.

My father's name was Max Pollack. About the time I was in high school, he legally changed it to Max Caldwell and that name was always in and out of the papers during the '30s and early '40s. He was a big Syndicate hoodlum. Late in 1941, my father was arrested and tried on charges of taking $910,000 out of the treasury of Local 1248, Retail Clerks union, AFL, of which he was czar. The case was all over the front pages.

I want to tell my story about him because I believe my father, like every human being in this world, had some good in him as well as bad. Nobody ever gave him credit for the good. All my life I have heard how terrible he was, even from the closest people around me. I know he has broken a few jaws; he has bombed a few places. He stole from the poor and made himself rich—three separate times. (He died last year after a spell in a hospital charity ward). I am tired of hearing the details. But I know, too, that my father had ability and gumption and I admire him for it. I cannot explain it, but I don't feel any animosity towards him. People may make of that whatever they want.

BEFORE I GO INTO the sordid side of my father—there's no avoiding it—let me mention a couple of things that few people know, not even the big hoodlums he spent his life with. My father was well on the way to being a successful newspaperman. During World War I, his dispatches from his outfit in France were published in the Hammond *Times*. Later, the Hammond *Times* made him its East Chicago correspondent. He made up crossword puzzles and sold them, I think to the Chicago *Daily News*. He promoted boxing matches, a football team and he ran dances around East Chicago. He was a man of many talents and abilities. He had so much to work with.

I suppose the characters he met

in the fighting world helped him make his first shady connections. He never told me and I never asked. By the time I was walking, he was in knee deep.

My first memory is of standing on a carpet sweeper, annoying my mother, in our house in Calumet City. I must have been four. My father owned a club there, or he fronted for a Capone club. The doorbell rang, and my mother pleaded with a man, a bill collector. A little later the house lights went off. My father didn't care because he was never home. He was out keeping every flashy woman in sight.

NEXT THING I KNEW we lived in Aurora. I was about five. We had a farm outside of town, a front for a still. My mother was cooking for 20 men who worked there and none of them were farm hands. My mother and I kept a little garden together but that was about the sum total of agriculture on my father's farm. We had one bull. I remember him clearly because several times he nearly gored my mother and me to death. My mother was sure he hated women.

That was more than you could say of my father. I can't help but admire how not only women, but men, too, flocked to this man. The women he attracted were of the finer caliber. He dressed like a man who had just stepped out of *Esquire*, right up to the minute. He was short, only five feet two inches, not good looking in the usual sense. He was always losing his hair but he never got bald. He had a bulbous nose, kind of knobby. My father's magnetism was in the way he walked. It was a fascinating walk. That's the only word I can use to describe it. His feet were small, a little pigeon toed, and when he walked he glided.

He never used any hoodish talk. His vocabulary was the finest. After all, he had once made up crossword puzzles. The only bad word he always used was "ain't." I have always hated that word. I hate all slang. Once a friend pointed out to me that I seldom use the word "cop." I say "police." The word "cop" is vulgar. I don't like jazz talk or other vulgar use of the language. I don't like anything base, nor the class of people that uses a lot of slang. We were never that class of people.

I suppose I should be ashamed of the kind of man my father was, but I'm not. Call it funny, but that's the way I feel.

We didn't stay on the farm long. Soon my father had his own club in Aurora. All this, of course, was during prohibition. His club was called the Roadside Home. A piano player named Fuzzy worked there and he knew I liked to sing. Between sets, he'd always play while I sang my favorite song, *Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean*. On February 7th, my father's birthday—this must have been 1926—my mother baked a surprise birthday cake. Then she tiptoed upstairs to our apartment to call him. Suddenly I heard her screaming and I ran to see what was wrong. While my mother stood by her bedroom door shrieking hysterically, I looked into the room. My father was in bed with one of his entertainers. After he watched my mother for a few moments, he blew up entirely. He accused my mother of spying on him and trying to make his life miserable.

TO MY FATHER, every woman in the world was a prostitute. An attractive woman was to be hired for his show, taken to bed and fired. My mother was the one exception. He respected her. If everybody lived like she does, we'd have a terrific world. She should be canonized. My mother came from the finest family in East Chicago. Her mother had been lady-in-waiting to the German Kaiserin. Her father was one of the founders of East Chicago. He started a grocery, a butcher shop and a saloon there. He was responsible for starting up the first Catholic church there and bringing over its first priest from Bohemia. Like her parents, my mother was and is very devoted to Catholicism. Also, they have always been openly anti-Semitic. My father, besides being much lower than my mother on the social ladder, was Jewish. Later he converted, but I think the fact that he was Jewish and a hoodlum, too, attracted my mother. She needed him.

Each of them craved what they did not have. My father needed my mother because she represented the better and finer things. Every hoodlum I ever met wanted things he never had, then didn't know how to cope with them when he got them. In the guided tours of Florida, they always point out the mansions of big-time Chicago gangsters (yes, including the late Max Caldwell's). Their homes are full of bric-a-brac

oods fill their shelves with expen-
ve junk to convince themselves
ey're respectable. But they stick to
eir own ways just the same because
's all they know.

My father, in my memory at least,
ever conversed with my mother. I
on't know if, while they were mar-
ed, they shared the same room.
e never was home often enough
r me to know.

I don't know if she ever asked
y father to get out of the rackets.
hey never talked about it simply
ecause they never talked. But no
atter how pure and sheltered she
ad been, she knew how deep he
as in it. Once when my father was
vay the police raided the Roadside
ome. They shouted outside, "Open
p or we'll break down the door,"
st like in stories on the radio. Moth-
grabbed me and ran down the
econd floor hall. Then she opened
closet and began pulling out bottles.
he reached thru an open window
nd, one by one, she gently cracked
iem like eggs against the building,
estroying the evidence. Every few
ottles she'd look out and ask, "Is
nybody down there?" She was con-
erned about hurting somebody.

Soon after that my parents divor-
ed. Neither one divorced the other,
eally. My mother's family in East
hicago fixed it. My mother didn't
ven know until it was all over. We
noved to Warren street in Hammond.
fy father visited us once. That day
ny aunt came and blew sky-high
ecause she found my father teaching
ie how to cheat at solitaire. He had
een me playing the game over and
ver, never beating it. It bothered
im. It was a rare treat when he paid
ny attention to me at all, and even
nore rare when he hinted that he
ked me.

I had nobody. All thru school the
ids shunned me. I have always as-
imed this was partly because I had
Jewish name, Pollack, and because
who my father was. It was a pretty
adly combination. I never went to
party. I never had a crush on any-
ody. My mother and aunt brought
e up so strict, I would have thought
ch a thing was wrong.

From my mother and aunt all I
er heard was, "Don't be like your
ther." Nobody ever told me what
ere was about him I should not be
e. I had never seen him do any-
ing which, in my child's mind, I
ought was bad. I was told never
get into his car if he came by
school to pick me up. They used
word "kidnapping." There had
n kidnapping cases in the papers.
associated the word with my fa-
r's world. I used to watch for him
school, tho he never came. I felt
sure that if he took me under his wing, life would be different and better, that I would have a place. Everybody classed me with him. I might as well go where I was classed. But he never came for me.

TODAY I FEEL SORRY for all underdogs and criminals, just as then I felt sorry for myself and my father.

I was about 11 when my mother started sending me downtown to my father's union office on Saturdays to get some money. Usually one of his big, silent strong-arm men picked me up at the I.C. station. Then I would sit three or four hours waiting to see my father. We would never spend a minute talking. He made me feel like I was in the way. He'd give me a five dollar bill for mother and some extra change to go to the Palace theater across the street. Once he met me at the station himself. I didn't know why, but I was glad. He hardly said a word all the way to his office building at 180 west Randolph street. Suddenly he shouted, "Duck!" I did and I was surprised to see him flop to the sidewalk. Across the street, I saw a gun pointing out the window of a car. It looked like my conception of a machine gun. It's funny, but I honestly can't remember if any shots were fired. That incident is so hazy, as tho I've always been trying to forget it. I was trying to understand something I couldn't, as I watched my father silently get up and we walked into the building.

One of my father's boys in the union was his brother, Mike. He would sit around on Saturdays and, so far as I could see, do nothing.

During one of my three- or four-hour waits, Mike got friendly in a greasy sort of way. Suddenly I realized he had raised my skirt and I didn't know what to make of it. I must have looked surprised. He grabbed my arms and whispered fiercely never to say anything to anybody about it. Then I got scared. Last I heard of Mike, about a year ago, he was on Alcatraz for impersonating an FBI man.

A LOT OF PEOPLE DO a lot of terrible things in this world. That goes for the best of us as well as the worst. I have never been one to lay blame. People do what they do because they can't help themselves.

I have always heard and read that my father was all bad. In answer to it, I can only remember a day in 1933 when he took me to the World's Fair. He gave me what I think has been the happiest day of my life. I don't know what came over him to take me. But I can't forget how proud he was gliding around with his fascinating walk, showing me off. Everybody there knew him because his union controlled all the jobs at the fair. Each time someone greeted him, he'd stop and say so proudly, "This is my daughter." Just try to understand having grown up to 13 years old, and feeling for the first time that somebody is proud you belong to him. I had never known such a happy feeling was possible. He took me on rides. I remember one, like a great big chute. I was scared and happy at the same time and we laughed together. I nearly cried because I had never seen my father laugh before, and he was laughing with me. He had always been so business-like, so involved with the men around him. Now I had all his attention. We had lunch at a lovely little restaurant. It was called "Toy Town," I think. He made me take the pretty cloth napkin for a souvenir. Funny, I still have that napkin packed among my old things. It's wrapped around the little Chinese umbrella he bought me that day at the fair. I'm not a saver of junk. But I always figure I'll throw out those things next time.

SOON, MY FATHER married again. I liked his new wife but my father would never let her see me. I have always assumed that once he was remarried, he didn't want me around because I reminded him of my mother. Thru these years, my mother was working at the county assessor's office. I was attending St. Thomas Aquinas high school and developing a fierce desire to become a lawyer. Every newspaper article I found about a courtroom case I pasted in a large scrapbook. I read everything I could find about Clarence Darrow. I wanted to defend the underdog. I wanted to defend everybody who was persecuted. Even today I am still attracted to courtrooms and defending the weak. Sometimes I want to brush up on my stenography and become a court reporter, just to be around that atmosphere. But then I think of the kind of justice, or injustice, arranged in our courts and I realize I would become even more frustrated.

Yes, I know that people I sympathize with are often hoodlums and bums. But they still have hearts bigger than themselves. There's good in them. There's right and wrong in everything and everybody, and if you

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look far enough you find it.

I am not speaking here of criminal I don't think of the word "criminal in connection with my father. "Hood lum" is closer. A criminal, to me, associated with manslaughter. Dillin ger was a criminal. A hoodlum is muscle man, forcing people int things. A gangster is something else too. He is a sort of business man o the underworld. He can have polis and finesse, as many of them have A hoodlum, on the other hand, doe the gangster's work for him. I gues it would be proper to call my fathe a gangster because he had much mor ability than the average hoodlum.

During his trial in 1941, when was said he could account for onl $62 of $910,000 he collected in dues the heat was on him strong. But h kept a kind of confidence. The pro secutor was State's Attorney Thoma J. Courtney, now a Circuit court judge My father had known Courtney wel Before he died, he told me Courtne had commented. "Max, if the a could be organized, you'd organ ize it." My father was quick and ha a great sense of humor. They wer trying to pin down how my fathe had been able to buy Frank (The Enforcer) Nitti's home in Florida fo $45,000. His official salary was some thing like $6,000.

"My salary is about $6,000, too Courtney said, trying to trap m father. "I can't afford a $45,00 winter home."

"That," said my father, lookin Courtney right in the eye, "is be cause you don't budget properly."

Right after the trial, in which m father was acquitted—he never serve time for anything he ever did arou Chicago—he moved to Florida. never saw him again until I hear on my birthday, August 19, 1954 twelve years later — that he was dyin I talked to him on the telephone 20 minutes (my mother still will believe he talked that long to an body) and I flew to Miami the ne day.

What I saw was unbelievable. H was down to 120 pounds from h normal 160. His face was wrinkle and drawn and he was all bone Except for his nose. It was still bi bous and knobby. He seemed to all nose, because only that had shrunk. When he walked, he had kick one foot in front of the oth a little, but he still had that fasci ting glide.

He never stopped talking to except to turn on the television to hear about himself in the ne He had been involved in a bomb had served a short sentence for first time in his life, and he relishing the feel of the limel

gain. He gloated about the things e had done, and told me about ome terribly cruel deeds I didn't now before.

I don't think he ever killed anyody, tho he might have made a few rrangements. I certainly would not ave asked. If I were to ask him to larify the slightest detail when he lked, he'd just stare and ask, "What re you gettin'? Nosey?"

Then he began to talk about my nother. After their divorce, he said, e waited eight years before he rearried, hoping she would come ack. "She was always my wife." hose were his words. "She's a wonerful girl," he kept saying, "nobody ner." He said he was sorry, honestly orry for everything he had ever done o her. "I waited eight years," he epeated, "she was always my wife." fe never once cried.

T NIGHT I witnessed the most unelievable and terrible thing. From is room two doors away I heard errifying, hysterical screaming. Then numbling and moaning followed by he wild shrieks again. First I thought was an act. I ran into his room and aw he was sound asleep, in fact, ut that way by sleeping pills. Yet is torment broke thru even his deep, rtificial sleep. His mind was trying o break out of his body. His screams nade me think of how it must have een when he came home from the teel mill and ranted on my mother's itchen floor in the days before I was orn. My father was still trying to un, still protesting, still screaming hat there had to be a better, easier ay. Except this protest seemed so nuch more desperate.

I watched him, helpless to do anyhing, and realized that here was the

m total of his life. He could gloat ow he'd outsmarted this one and eat the daylights out of that one. ut. at night, he had to convince mself everything was right. His own t of rules served him well in the aytime and he never questioned em. but they drove him mad at ght. He seemed to be protesting e same thing I always felt: "I had much to work with. Is this the way had to be?"

There must have been some kind pressure against his brain. I have ways said I wish I could donate his ain to science. Maybe they would d something to explain how such good man could have been so bad.

I work mostly around Loop restaurants and of course I meet a lot of the hoodlum element. Sometimes word gets around among them: "There goes Max Caldwell's daughter." This puts me up on a shrine and I'm treated like a princess. Again I get that feeling I belong somewhere, the feeling I only got in the past from my father. Then I wonder, "Are these the only people I can belong to? Are they the only ones who will respect and defend Max Caldwell?"

He must be entitled to some kind of defense. That's why I wanted to tell his story. I am not condoning anything bad he ever did. He has been as rotten as any man on earth. But just like when I was a child and nobody ever told me what was bad about him, nobody has ever told the world what was good about him. Any human being, no matter who he is—yes, even my father—deserves some kind of defense. ▬

THE RECORD OF A HOODLUM

During the week of June 17, 1941, it seemed that the world fell on Max Caldwell. Like an ambitious young man in any large organization, Caldwell for 20 years had followed the rules in the Syndicate, showing initiative, loyalty, perseverance and, in a manner of speaking, he kept his nose clean. Between 1933 and 1941, he was arrested 15 times on charges of assault or disorderly conduct, a creditable record for a rising man in the organization. Even more creditable, he never was convicted. In 1935, he was acquitted on charges of attempting as head of the waiters union to extort $10,000 from the owners of the French Casino at Clark street and Lawrence avenue in return for calling off a strike. In 1937, he got control of Local 1248, Retail Clerks International Protective Association, AFL, to which 7,000 members paid $10 in initiation fees and $2 monthly in dues. Syndicate operators like Caldwell who successfully invaded the growing labor union field plundered so boorishly and raised such an offensive aroma that many citizens mistakenly assumed that most unions were rackets.

But on June 17, 1941, a rebellion of rank and file members of Caldwell's union was climaxed when a representative from the national organization, in behalf of the members, took possession of Caldwell's headquarters. Three days later, under the heat of publicity, authorities at Crown Point, Indiana, said they were trying to compel Caldwell to serve out a six-month jail sentence for alleged 1925 violations of the state liquor law. The big bomb burst on June 30, when it was charged in a hearing that Caldwell had collected $910,000 in dues from members of Local 1248 and could account for only $62 of it. On July 1, he was arrested by the labor detail. His problems mounted on August 22, 1941; a safe deposit box rented by Caldwell in a Loop hotel was broken open and found to contain property valued at $62,000.

Max Caldwell's trial made of him a conspicuous man in 1941. His case was, as his daughter writes, "all over the front pages." When the verdict of "not guilty" was announced, it is said Caldwell was immediately out the back door on his way to a train for Florida.

Once there, Caldwell established himself quickly in the night club and restaurant business and in attempts to muscle into union affairs. He was threatened with serious trouble in 1952 when he was investigated in connection with the assassination of the business agent of the Carpenters district council. He served 60 days and paid a $250 fine on two charges of brutality in beating a building janitor.

On September 5, 1954, he was found dead on a couch in his home. He was 57.

After the completion of Lorraine Caldwell's article, a veteran staff member of the Hammond *Times* was interviewed for a recollection of Caldwell's ability as a newspaperman in his early days. The staff member recalled that the *Times* had lost its East Chicago correspondent and hired Caldwell as a replacement, sight unseen, on the recommendation of a Chamber of Commerce official. He remained on the paper, according to the informant, about six months. By that time, it was learned he was accepting minor payoffs for omitting names of individuals involved in unfavorable police news. His sports news items were restricted to boxing matches which he promoted and to news of the East Chicago Gophers, a football team which he owned. The informant said he was then fired.

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As We Were

75 YEARS AGO. The city council in October, 1880 voted down an ordinance to prohibit **children under 15** from working more than eight hours a day in factories and banned labor by kids under ten . . . Fanny Louise Buckingham and her trained horse James Melville, starred in a spectacular Mazeppa, or **The Wild Horse of Tartary,"** at Fox's theater . . . After the baseball season closed the champion White Stockings played an experimental **exhibition** game with the Buffaloes. **Flat bats** were used for three innings, then put aside on the basis that they stung the "striker's" hands and caused too many pop-ups.

50 YEARS AGO. James J. "Buck" McCarthy, long-time Republican alderman and political boss of the stock yards area, died at the age of 60 in October, 1905 . . . Bessie, the **mascot cat** of the county recorder's office, refused to move to that agency's temporary quarters in the Rand-McNally building. She kept returning to her haunts in the old County building, which was being torn down . . . Five railroads announced plans for a **new Union station** west of the river costing 12 to 15 million dollars . . . The first convention of the Advertising Clubs of America and Canada was held at the Coliseum.

25 YEARS AGO. Capone syndicate executive Jake Guzik and his brother Sam were indicted for income tax evasion in October, 1930 . . . The **mayor's wife,** Mrs. Mary Thompson, was robbed of $17,000 worth of jewels in front of the family apartment at 3100 Sheridan. Rumors circulated that the crime was a part of a plot to discredit Police Commissioner John Alcock, who was not on the friendliest terms with Thompson . . . **Fifteen hundred unemployed** men who had taken up residence on the lower level of Michigan avenue and Wacker drive were given quarters in the building at 509 north Union by William Wrigley jr.

James Weber Linn – a memoir

by James T. Farrell

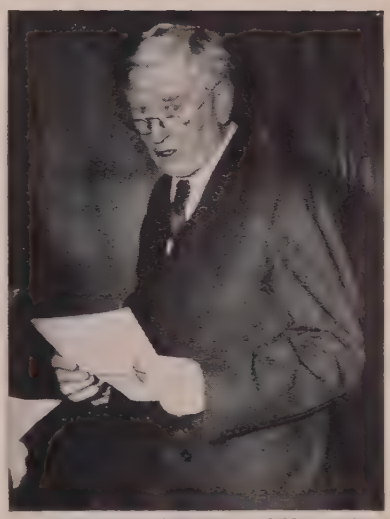
The late James Weber Linn was my old teacher. He was nicknamed Teddy at the University of Chicago because of a somewhat vague resemblance of features to Theodore Roosevelt.

It seems to me I have never been able to do justice to Teddy. In youth, we are usually so self-centered, so callous and so driven by a need to prove ourselves that we fail to appreciate our elders. Such was my experience with Teddy. I never came to understand how much he helped me until he was no more.

I first became aware of him back in the twenties when he wrote a column, "Lights and Darks," for the Chicago *Herald and Examiner*. It seemed sophisticated, intelligent and always interesting. I saw in Linn a man of knowledge and education, living in a world far beyond mine. When I became a student at the University of Chicago, one of my hopes was to take his course, English composition 210. I did not have the proper qualifications for it, but any student could be accepted if Linn granted approval. One snowy January morning in 1927, I accosted him in Cobb hall and told him that I wanted English 210. He had never seen me before, and tried to discourage me. But I insisted. He told me that I could register for it and submit a manuscript.

I was one of the generation who grew into young manhood in the mood of disillusionment following the first World War. My heroes were those men who opposed the war. I believed that I had been betrayed, but my feelings were borrowed ones, for youths my own age had not fought in the war: we had not been hurt. The mood of those whom we read, and the feeling that ideals had been a mask for a war of steel and gold stimulated bitterness, disillusionment and this feeling of personal betrayal. I wrote an adolescent essay expressing this mood, and submitted it to Professor Linn. I did not attempt to write a story because I did not know how. Linn read my juvenile essay, and jotted down a brief comment. He said he did not know if I should ever develop the skill and imagination to be a writer, but that my writing qualified me for admission to his course.

I attended his classes, very determined, but lacking in self-confidence. On the first day of class, he sat nervously at his desk, wearing a gray suit, moving much, and he talked about himself. When young, he said, he had wanted to be a writer. Then, after he had graduated from the university, he had married. There was a family to support. He had gone into teaching. But for years he had stormed newspaper offices, and had kept submitting manuscripts. Modest, he claimed little for himself as a writer, but he did tell us, honestly and simply, of his own experiences. Finally, he had had some small success. He had managed to become a columnist. He told us he did not know if any of us could become writers. If we desired to, we must write and write. He promised to read everything we submitted, and encouraged us to turn in as much as we could write.



International News Photo

Altho I did not fully realize it at the time, Teddy Linn struck a deep chord in me. A young person who wants to write often feels pathetically inadequate. In my own case, there was no one who really thought that I could write. The ambition was one that would, at times, almost frighten or depress me. But Teddy Linn's talk on that first morning of class encouraged me to try. Further, Teddy spoke of writing as something important, an effort worthy of one's time and energy. The background from which I came was one in which many people, not understanding better, thought that if you wanted to write you must be something of a freak. Teddy treated writing as signi-

ficant. He spoke with an enthusiasm that infected me.

I worked every day in a gas station—it was at 35th and Morgan and is still there—and I would stand over my little desk, using a pencil and writing on the backs of various forms which we used for our reports. My hands would be dirty and greasy from servicing cars, and the manuscripts would get smeared. I wrote of anything I thought of. I wrote of moods, sketches of people, descriptions of the streets, of the long lines of factory girls going to and coming from work in the central manufacturing district, prostitutes on the streets, fantasies. I wrote thousands of words, perhaps 50 to 60 thousand. And Teddy encouraged me. One rough and unrealized story was titled *Calico Shoes*. He told me that it had possibilities. I later revised and published it as a short story. Another unrealized story dealt with characters working for an express company. It was badly written, but he saw promise in it. It was the genesis of *Gashouse McGinty*, my second novel. Every manuscript I submitted was read and commented on. And besides the fact that they were often greasy and dirty, my handwriting was almost illegible.

Teddy Linn worried about his students. In 1929, when I was also taking a course of his, he and I walked away from the campus and along 57th street. He asked me what he should tell some of his students. They could never be writers. He did not wish to be cruel or destructive. He was moody and serious when he spoke of this. Also, he talked of how he had waited for many years to write. He was around 50. In a few years, he would write.

Then we parted. I last saw him in June, 1929. I had just published a sketch called "slob" in a little magazine, *blues*. I dashed across 57th street and gave him my first copy.

Teddy Linn was my first publisher. One of the sketches I submitted to him in that course in 1927 was a description of a B/G sandwich shop. He printed it in his column.

This year I spoke at a banquet for young writers held at the New School for Social Research in New York city. One of the teachers, Don Wolfe, is a man like Linn. And as I sat and listened to students paying generous tribute to him, I thought of Linn, and in my own speech, spoke of him. A great teacher plays a sacrificial role with his students. His reward is gained later in their success and development. And often one realizes with sadness that such teachers are gone when one might tell them with gratitude and affection how they helped. Teddy Linn, R.I.P. ▬

James Weber Linn conducted his column during the middle 1920s. The example below is from April 24, 1925

Lights and Darks

By JAMES WEBER LINN

PRAHRAN is a suburb of Melbourne, Australia, a huge city about as old as Chicago. A clipping dated March 17 says: "Gangs of known criminals, idle in the streets of Prahran all day, boasting of their immunity from the law, and robbing business places and homes every night, terrorizing traders in the main street and defying the police." How different from peaceful Englewood!

• • •

THE clipping says further: "The chief secretary promised to deal with the situation. He stated that amendments to the police offenses act were being drafted." Probably establishing a gun court and permitting the police to wear revolvers in their belts instead of in holsters. Hands across the sea, Prahran!

• • •

LAST week one of my girl students was absent from class for several days. When she returned, one side of her face was a livid bruise and her eye was bloodshot. Held up and robbed on Eighty-third st., she said, amiably. "I think," she added, "the man must have been what the papers call a moron; at least he knew enough to make a clean getaway."

"What were you doing?" said I.

"Out walking with a girl friend at night," she said. "Not any more, though." She wanted to know whether I would accept the holdup as an excuse for handing in a paper late.

• • •

I WAS reminded of a young fellow who came into my office six or seven years ago, when I was a dean, to get a "chapel excuse." I asked him what his excuse was. "I was in jail that day," he answered politely.

• • •

IT appeared he had been on the West Side, and in search of "atmosphere" had gone into a little vegetarian restaurant. While he was eating, the police raided the place as a rendezvous of Communists. In court next day he told the judge he was a student, recited at the judge's request, as proof of his statement, the football scores for the previous season, and was let off with a lecture.

"Why did you go in there at all?" the judge demanded.

"Because I'm a vegetarian," the boy replied.

"I've a good mind to hold you for that," said the judge, but didn't.

• • •

E. F. L. wants me to jump on the "platoon system" in the public schools. "Is it any advantage," he asks, "to become as machine-like as possible, to take the individuality, the warmth of the early years of instruction, out of school days? Could not one good teacher do more in awakening dormant interests in the children, in a class, say, of twenty-five to thirty, than a number of 'specialists' can, from one to another of whom the children are kept trotting?"

• • •

PROBABLY. In the platoon system the children get a chance to move about more, have more change, which is highly desirable for small boys and girls. But, on the other hand, they do miss the association with a single personality, if that personality happens to be an interesting one. E. F. L.'s happy idealism, however, regarding "classes of 25 to 30" in the grades is worth noting. Where are these classes?

• • •

THE tendency to systematize the education of young children, nevertheless, seems to me unfortunate almost to fatality. They come to regard the exercise of their minds as a task, as something to be shunned and avoided as much as possible. True, Emerson said "The hardest task in the world is to think," but that is no reason why for children it should be made unpleasant as well as difficult.

• • •

WHY do the blind, when they go on to college, so often lead their classes? Because on account of their handicap they have been given individualized instruction. It is curious that we should not recognize the fact that what is good for those handicapped by the loss of one sense should be equally good for those possessed of all five.

• • •

IN high school, in college, system in training is useful, though even there the pupils instinctively rebel against it. But in the grades it is psychologically as depressing as membership in a chain-gang.

Paul Fromm: "You can't buy music and we don't try."

From Jugs of Wine, the Composer's Bread

y John Mottier

Many times music and wine have joined to delight and edify men. ul Fromm has incorporated a novel mbination of the two into the omm Music foundation, placing ne at the service of 20th century mposers.

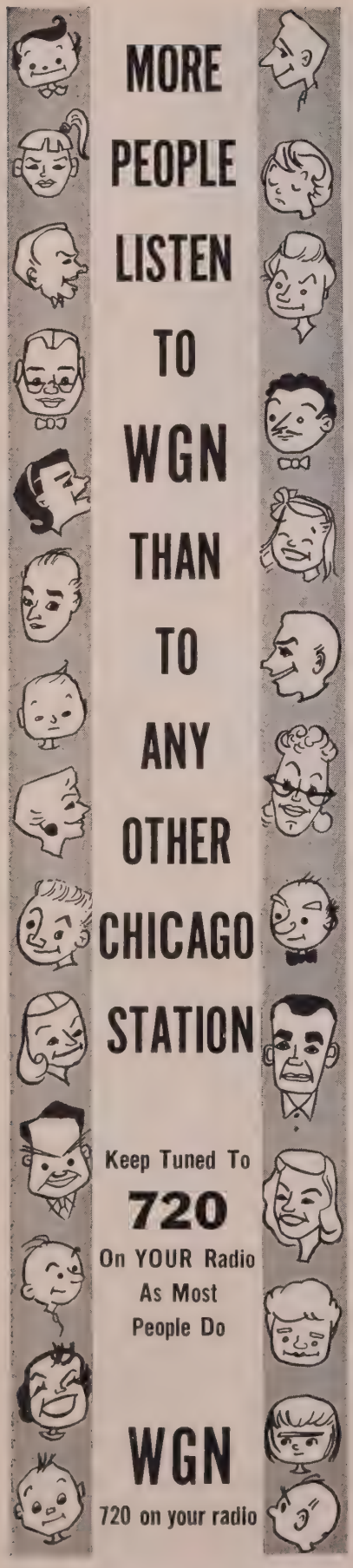
By vocation he heads Geeting and omm, local importers of wine; by ocation he is a lover of good music d an amateur in the best sense of e word, for he reciprocates music's vors to him thru the foundation. s the financial prop of the founda- n, the importing business directly pports present-day composers in eir creative efforts. The intimate nnection between the business and ltural enterprises is symbolized by fact that they share a common dress on west Van Buren.

Tho embodied in reality for only ee years, the ideas behind the foun- tion have been nurtured by Fromm ce before he immigrated to this ntry from Germany in 1938, then his early thirties. As his business here prospered, so did the chances of realizing his hopes. Their actual incorporation into the foundation in 1952 was the direct result of his financial success. Now he and his family live comfortably but modestly while the foundation thrives like an only child on his generosity.

"But you can't buy music," he asserts, "and we don't try." Fromm discusses his behind-the-scenes musical activities with a dynamic excitement tempered with intense conviction in the goals and methods of his efforts. "The foundation is not limited to a set amount of money each year, and our cash awards to composers are not so-and-so much per composition. That would be wrong. No, we only go by what you call 'individual need.' We don't even try to commission works. The composer has to work strictly on his own, governed only by his own musical impulses and creative instincts."

How then does the foundation work? Scores are not solicited from composers directly; rather, the foundation asks established artists—composers and performers—to recommend potentially worthwhile compositions. Thus Fromm's group relies on others to discover the talent. "Real musical creativity is very much alive today," he feels, "but it is too often known and supported only within a small circle of musicians." Many well known composers have willingly contributed such knowledge: Virgil Thomson recommended Ben Weber. Carl Orff suggested Wilhelm Killmayer, the most recent award winner, and Jerome Rosen was referred by Darius Milhaud.

IN THIS WAY 300 to 400 scores will arrive this year. Cutting down this number to the six or seven that will actually receive awards is an arduous problem whose proportions are narrowed by the efforts of the foundation's advisory board: Alexander Tcherepnin, composer and professor at De Paul university; Alexander Schneider, second violinist of the Budapest String quartet; Sigmund Levarie, a musicologist formerly at the University of Chicago; and Fromm himself, tho he tends to defer to what he considers more qualified judgment.



"Tcherepnin's judgment and taste are unusually sound, and his help has been invaluable. Schneider is a sensitive artist, a fully subjective kind of person. He is often up in the clouds, but an intense, great-souled man. Levarie is a cautious, careful musicologist. He acts as a necessary brake on the high-powered motors Schneider and I run on." Fromm admits that his wife Erika, a psychologist practicing in the city, has had an active share in the foundation almost since its inception in Fromm's mind.

These people select the scores which will be given final consideration. Objectivity of judgment is the main asset they try to preserve. Tcherepnin, for example, voted in favor of Ben Weber despite his dislike of Weber's twelve-tone technique as "a decadence, not a progress, in music. But the neatness of Ben Weber might help to find the right approach to Schoenberg's greatness." They maintain the same objectivity when submitting scores to the final judges, composers of note, but here they take no chances. Weber's score might have slipped into obscurity if endangered by a neo-classicist's inherent distaste for the twelve-tone system. Seven such qualified outside opinions are sought and, if the foundation receives enthusiastic replies from a majority, it endorses the composer with more than moral support. The more outspoken these replies are, whether pro or con, the greater is the board's conviction of the work's potential worth. It is the "quite nice" or "not too bad" response indicating mediocrity that puts the score in limbo as far as Fromm is concerned. "Music must project a profile. When it does, we get a remarkable degree of unanimity in these appraisals."

With an eye to the future, and a healthy skepticism of the infallibility of human judgment, the foundation has microfilmed all the scores submitted and placed them in a permanent collection at Newberry library. "There are well over 200 there now, representing about 150 composers. In my lifetime I would like to see several thousand on file at Newberry. We have a hope that later generations may discover a genius or two whom we stupidly failed to recognize. Even if this is merely a romantic dream, the body of work will form an invaluable collection for the future's understanding of the musical climate of our times."

A WINNING composer gains much more than a cash award: "These young men are, for the most part, modest in their wants. But they need time—time for their work, leisure in which to think and organize the materials of life. And they need to preserve some of their energy for their one big necessity in life — creative work. That potentially creative leisure is the purpose of the cash awards. But so often an award winner's hopes have been raised in the past and then smothered as he lapses into obscurity after his music has been given an automatic hearing. The score dies right there. If he is sincere his music must be contemporary and, if contemporary, then it may be difficult to appreciate until it becomes familiar. The answer to that problem is simple. Give the work a wide scope in time and place, continue to sponsor it. This is our basic aim, our chief activity."

The foundation's efforts in this direction are manifold. Performances of this year's winning works have been scheduled in seven different places on both coasts and from Aspen, Colorado to Stratford, Canada. Chicago has heard this music at the Goodman theater and Mandel hall. A pleiad of performing artists has communicated the scores into vital sound, musicians like the Budapest and Griller quartets, Balsam, Horszowski and Goldberg. The Louisville orchestra performs and records one orchestral work a year chosen by the foundation. In addition, nine award-winning scores were published by Boosey and Hawkes in 1954, and Columbia will record some of them.

The arrangements between the foundation and these performers or organizations are not based on a subsidy. Instead, they help both parties, providing the one with a base of communication, the other with new music of confirmed stature. Fromm admits he was confronted with coolness in some cases when setting up these arrangements — "but we made them more aware of their responsibilities." He understates it with the simple, assured determination that lies behind his imperative desire: "Bring the composer into focus."

Tho Fromm describes himself as "merely an amateur musician and an experienced listener," his words, as he talks about this basic impulse of the foundation, express a professional understanding of the need for his activities.

"For some reason the attitude toward music is reluctant to keep up with the times. People appreciate both Shakespeare and Arthur Miller but stick to Beethoven—fine—and pay little attention to Kauder, or Hovhaness, or Denny—not fine at all. It has often been this way, even with Beethoven. *Fidelio* was at first not accepted, and the fate of the late quartets is well known. A composer

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can expect to be confronted with this sort of thing up to a point. But contemporary composers have another obstacle placed before them. Beethoven's musicianship was his means of livelihood as well. Today's patrons of music are Broadway, TV and night clubs, commercial not cultural ventures. They have to appeal commercially to a mass audience behind its times musically. Commercialism is the greatest enemy of music, certainly of the kind of music we support. The composer finds himself confronted with the temptation to effect a compromise between art and commercialism disguised as art. If he yields his serious efforts are endangered by twisted, embittered cynicism. Our aim is simple then—give the composer financial freedom to pursue his *own* creative ends."

FROMM HAS therefore keyed the entire efforts of the foundation to the composer as a collective, corporate group. "I am afraid that the composer is in danger of becoming merely a legend, the forgotten man of music. All emphasis now is on the performer. Yet the composer is the creator and should lead the performer.

"Without the freely creative composer, musical culture will have no new growth or development of the times. He is the only one who can interpret us musically. We want to return the initiative inherent in professional freedom to the composer. The humanity of the composer himself and his relationship with his environment —these are the raw materials of music. If you take care of the composer, you take care of all music, including the performer, the audience, what history says about our music, and the satisfaction of our own cultural appetites. Composers do derive encouragement and support from our activities even if their scores are rejected. That shows we're at least headed in the right direction." This time Fromm oversimplified. In less than three years the scope of the foundation's activities has outstripped that of several comparable organizations which are older.

Fromm frankly admits that he personally would not have chosen all the award-winning works if the choice were only his own. "But remember we support composers, not audiences." Then, when three out of four of the local reviewers expressed mixed but encouraging reactions to the Goodman theater concert, he was not disappointed? "Not at all. They endorsed the foundation in general and several composers in particular." How about that fourth, wholly negative, review? "It just points up the need for what I am doing." ■

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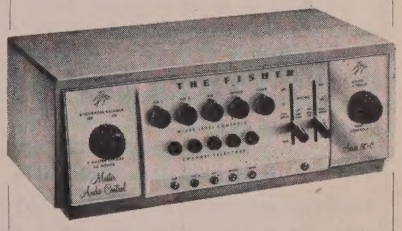

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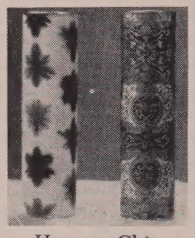
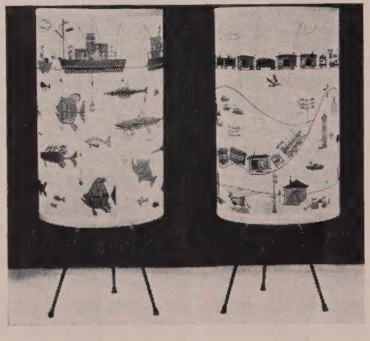


KALEIDOSCOPES, covered with hand blocked Italian and Japanese papers. 7½" tall, post paid and gift wrapped, $1.50. The Domino, Dept. CG, 5530 s. Harper, Chicago 37.

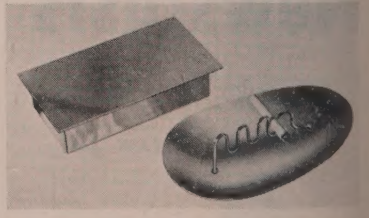
BALANCED DANCERS' FANS, used in traditional Japanese dances, are gold foil paper with black calligraphy and red seals. $3, boxed and post paid. The Domino, Dept. CG, 5530 s. Harper, Chicago 37.



LAMPS with revolving shades. 17" high, they're products of Econolite and are available boxed and post paid at $5.95. Frank Ryan, Dept. CG, 1653 n. Wells, Chicago.

STEAK KNIVES, these in "Cora" pattern by Sola, are made in Holland for a lifetime of use. The first of their kind to be made in one continuous piece, they were shown in the "Good Design" show this year. $9 for set of six. Gifts 'n Gadgets, Dept. CG, 1452 e. 53rd st., Chicago 15.

THE SPACE SPIDER is a "string thing" that can be a toy or a decoration. The principle involves three dimensional weaving in elastic thread. $2.95 post paid. Bordelon's South, Dept. CG, 1424 e. 55th st., Chicago 37.



ASH TRAY with cigaret box, both in solid brass with polished lacquered finish, arrive in a red and gold box, post paid, at $20 (monogrammed at slight extra cost). Clare Marie Jackson, Dept. CG, 840 n. Michigan, Chicago.

The Onion Patch

Those who have audited the broadcasts of Bert Wilson, recently etired radio chronicler of summer rolics at Wrigley field, need not be old that his statements occasionally acked total accuracy. Prospective ome runs caught by the shortstop nd infield flies that somehow landed n Waveland avenue were described ll too frequently during the past 3 years.

It came as a surprise, therefore, to iscover that what appeared to be ne of Wilson's most challengeable latitudes was true all the time. 'riendly Bob Adams, it turned out, actually friendly. He is friendly, in ct, even when given ample provoation to be quite otherwise.

Friendly Bob Adams, for the benet of those who have been spared irect knowledge, is the "loan-by-hone" contact of the General Finance oan company, one of the sponsors f the wireless reports on Cub games, s well as those of the White Sox. Ie "stands by" at ANdover 3-0073 uring all the baseball broadcasts, eady to serve fans who have lost ets on the proceedings or otherwise ncurred financial chagrin.

His amiability was tested one day ear the end of the season by a camp with a predilection for that ind of research. The following telehone dialogue ensued:

Flawless male phone voice: General inance, Bob Adams speaking.

Scamp: Is this Bob Adams?

Adams: Yes, sir. Could you hold n just a moment?

(Pause)

Nearly flawless female voice: How nuch of a loan did you want, sir?

Scamp: I wanted to talk to Mr. dams.

Girl: Okay, but you'll have to hold n.

(Long pause)

Adams: Hello, sir. Sorry you had wait so long.

Scamp: I've been wanting to ask ou a question. What happens when ne Cubs play a day game and then the Sox play at night? Isn't that kind of strenuous for you?

Adams (pleased at implied sympathy): Well, no. I just stay here.

Scamp: You're just one guy then, not more than one using the same name?

Adams (chuckling softly): No, sir. I wish I were more than one guy; it'd get me a lot more sleep.

Scamp (defeated): Well, thank you.

Adams (restrained winner): You're welcome.

THIS MONTH'S theme being telling sports fans what they already know, it is appropriate to observe that preseason football forecasters are invariably terribly wrong. Not all, however, are as thoro about it as Francis Wallace, who handles the gridiron Ouija board for *Collier's*. Unwilling to risk the possibility of making a correct prediction, Wallace took out insurance this season. He envisioned won-and-lost records for the Big Ten teams which, taken *in toto,* show victories outnumbering defeats by a margin of 34. Since conference games must necessarily result in an identical number of wins and losses, it follows that the excess of the former must be made up of non-league engagements. But with all due regard for the perennial power of the midwestern teams, it seems unlikely that they can win 34 non-conference games when they have scheduled only 24.

THE STOICISM which Russians are traditionally supposed to possess so copiously was demonstrated with force at the reception for the Soviet farm delegation held by the Council on Foreign Relations. A formidable buffet and a well-stocked bar awaited the Russians and their interrogators at the close of the business session. Andrei Shevchenko, the Slavic Will Rogers, made his way to the beverage table, was asked what he wanted, and replied, "Soda."

The bartender quickly decided that further attempts at communication were useless, and turned his attention to other clients. Shevchenko then found a glass containing ice cubes and poured in part of the contents of a plain soda bottle. Without further additions, he drank. Just to be sure of his own eyesight, an American asked him, "Do you have any vodka in that?"

"No vodka," said Shevchenko, turning a palm down solemnly, "soda."

The same farmer's Eastern inscrutability was evidenced again as he was downing some borscht ice cream provided especially for the occasion by the Bresler people. Somebody asked him in English how he liked it. Shevchenko replied in Russian. Then the question was repeated in Russian, and the answer was, "Okay."

ONE OF RUSH STREET'S least flamboyant but best met characters is a garrulous, weathered civil servant about 45 named George Larson, who serves as a kind of a walking neighborhood newspaper, complete with feature section. There are a number of durable tales about Larson, most of them true, and a favorite is the one about his encounter with the actor Robert Young in Larry's lounge.

Larson was sitting in the moderately filled bar one night a couple of autumns ago when Young came in bent on having a few drinks without encountering the gossip column set. He was instantly recognized by everyone but Larson and a hush fell over the place, pierced only slightly by knowing whispers.

Young made his way as unobtrusively as possible to the nearest empty stool, which was next to Larson's. The two began a prolonged discussion on such subjects as politics and international relations. Young modestly refrained from identifying himself either directly or by choice of conversational topics, so Larson didn't find out who he was until he had gone. Young, however, stopped on his way out, pointed to Larson and asked Larry, "Who is that fellow?" —A. W.

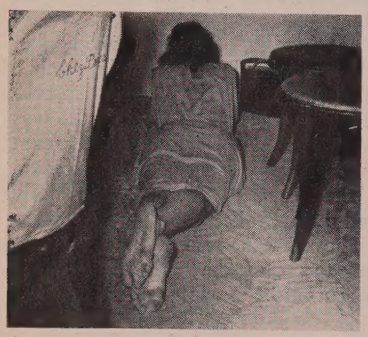
Readers & Writers

Salty Language

Sir: Captain Bill Gallery [West of the Water Tower—September] may teach the young lady who said "forecastle" how to say "focs'le," but if he wishes to be nautical instead of naughtical, he'll teach her to say "fo'c'sle."

WILLIAM C. MALTON JR.

If he wants to recognize all of the contractions, he may even teach her to say "fo'c's'le." Judging by the post-Navy pier experiences of the Aquarama, *however, he may be too busy teaching the helmsman how to avoid the reefs in Muskegon harbor.*



What Mystery?

Sir: Your magazine looks better all the time. What was the mystery of the photo of the woman on the floor [West of the Water Tower — July]? A good photograph, too.

SAUL STEINBERG,
South Wellfleet, Mass.

What's Bad for U. S. Bad for G.M., Too

Sir: I was very much distressed by "Mansure and the War Against Carbon Copies" [July].

Bigness is not a crime in itself — as any businessman will testify. Madigan tosses off some large numbers — "frightening statistics" he calls them. The government is *big* — just like our wealth and our production and our population. Is Madigan merely reporting his fright or does he know of instances where substantial numbers of unnecessary forms or other papers were turned out?

Madigan implies that this problem is one peculiar to the government service. I read a variety of publications on management and administration and I know that private industry has exactly the same problem. Your article would have been more informative if it had started by mentioning the problem confronting all large enterprises — both public and private — and then telling what government was doing about it.

I've worked in government for nearly 19 years and I haven't seen the "appurtenances of hysteria and false starts" Madigan talks about.

That stuff about the savings on office rentals looks good on paper. However, there are a lot of angles. I hope the savings were huge. But I wonder what the net saving is if an agency is forced into unsuitable space simply because GSA got stuck with a building and wants to fill it. Isn't it *possible* that the agency loses in efficiency what it gains in rental?

Who compiled the 1953 savings figure of $130,600,000 and the 1954 figure of $147,600,000? Have you ever heard of the housewife who takes a taxi downtown in order to save ten cents on a pound of butter?

Remember, I am fully aware of the possibilities for savings on government paper work. (I also bet I could go into any General Motors office, review their forms and methods and come up with money-saving suggestions — unless some other organization and methods man had given them a going over in the last six months). I wish Mansure well on his campaign. My own motto on filing has always been, "When in doubt, throw it away."

I do believe that Mansure is a bit naive on some points. We tried that business of writing a letter on both sides during the last war and gave it up in a hurry. It makes the letters very hard to read and this loss in reading time — not to mention snafus caused by misreading — more than outbalances the saving in paper. Furthermore, if you get a higher grade memo paper so the typing does not show thru, you again lose more than you gain. A final disadvantage, as I remember it, was that when a page needed retyping, you had to retype two pages instead of just one.

Mansure has some point on the matter of carbon copies. However, in many cases, the need for cross referencing files more than eats up the saving. Also, if more than one person is going to work with the letter or memo, it means that someone has to retype the whole letter — and there goes the cost of quite a few score extra carbons.

So paper work cost government $4 billion? So what? Doesn't General Motors paper work cost it some hundreds of millions? Does that mean we are going to see General Motors do away with "paper work"?

To sum up this rambling critique — I think Madigan was careless with his facts and unfair to career servants. Undiscriminating readers will have even less respect for their government. That will neither strengthen the government nor will it correct any abuses.

ANGRY BUREAUCRAT,
Washington, D. C.

Double Feature

Sir: We feel that the article written by Alan Whitney ["Moravsky Den at Pilsen Park" — September] was not only well written for people of Czechoslovak extraction, but was well suited for your many American-born readers who like to get acquainted with customs and costumes of the Old World.

ANTON S. JURCIK, secretary,
Federation of Moravian Societies

Our Readers Talk More

Sir: CHICAGO gets around. I've had more mail and comments on the bit about John Barrymore ["John Barrymore in Glencoe" — July] than I've had on more pretentious pieces in magazines for the millions.

ROBERT M. CUNNINGHAM JR.

Picture Credit

Sir: What photographer gets the plaudits for the double page United Press photo of the good humor man ["Summer Resort" — August]?

LOUIS W. JOSEPH

Sun-Times *staff photographer Joe Kordick caught the ice cream man with his head in the cooler.*

Handbook Erratum

Sir: Add, Horseplay against the Whitney entry in the August issue [Handbook for Horseplay]: "Paris" mutuels? Were they ever called that here? "Pari" is the French for bet (from the verb *parier*) and French tracks without a tote label ticket "parimutuel."

ROBERT BRUCE TAGU

The article conveyed a popul opinion among racing scholars, th the system of betting was original called "Paris mutuels" and shorten to its present form when imported the United States. However, so authorities, including Webster's Co legiate *dictionary, support the theo advanced by reader Tague.*